



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Front Page.

UNLESS all the signs are misleading, we are going to witness, in a couple of months, one of the maddest excitements in the whole history of North America. Toronto is going to be the starting point for a stampede of temporarily insane humanity in thousands and tens of thousands, all setting their faces towards the wilderness in quest of fabulous fortunes, struggling, fighting, bribing and beseeching, in the effort to reach the goal an hour in advance of the others. In the crush will be people of all conditions and nationalities—miners from the Yukon, Cripple Creek, Australia, Siberia; millionaires from New York, San Francisco, London, Paris and Berlin; hawk-faced men who scent out investments for every great syndicate of capital known in the world; titled Europeans; penniless immigrants starving in the train of the excitement and hoping to pick up sudden wealth by the mere act of stooping for it; gamblers, thieves, prostitutes, merchants, mechanics, clerks, politicians, farmers, preachers—all rubbing shoulders, all catching the contagion and growing stark mad together.

Unless the signs are misleading, Cobalt is going to be the center of a greater mining boom than was Dawson City. What has happened there in the way of speculation has been but child's play as compared with what will follow. Distance puts up but frail barriers against the rush that is now but a few weeks away. There is no Edmonton trail to lure astray the eager fool; there is no sea voyage to Skagway and no long trip by dog-train over mountain trails; there are no heavy initial expenses to sift out the unready. The Cobalt region lies under the snow, easily accessible, and there is scarcely a through train moving to-day on the continent or a vessel heading for America on the Atlantic but carries its passenger ticketed for Toronto, yet thinking of Cobalt, only of Cobalt, and the riches there that others have overlooked. In this city alone there are thousands who have quietly decided to slip up to Cobalt and have a look around—just a look around. From the moment they enter the railway coach most of them will be in the grip of the most engrossing passion that ever laid hold of men—the quest for wealth, instant and unlimited, hidden beneath the surface of bountiful old mother earth. Scouts have been and are in Cobalt for nearly every big corporation and combination of capital in Canada—not digging with spades nor blasting rock with dynamite, but getting options on claims here and there, ready to pounce down hard wherever a new streak of ore is revealed—ready to rouse any man out of bed at any hour and buy his claim at any price from one thousand to one million dollars, as its worth is verified, either as a mine to operate or a property to sell. If Cobalt is what it seems to be, the loose money of the whole world stands ready to offer itself right on the spot, as a convenience in buying, selling or developing. For one man of sinew who will go there to work, a thousand will rush thither to buy, to sell and to give good luck a chance to serve them.

We have seen land booms. Consider what a land boom would be with every vacant lot a possible Golconda. With the agent of Rothschild bidding against the agents of Rockefeller, Vanderbilt and bankers' syndicates. Think, too, of the area over which the excitement may spread in a country bounded only by Hudson's Bay, prospected but superficially so far, and now to be ransacked by experts from every mineral region in the world, and by every claim-salter in the business.

The Ontario Legislature sits. The Government may know what they are going to do when the earth quakes at Cobalt, or they may be trusting to luck. On part of the G. N. E. limit not yet opened to sale, claims have been laid one on top of the other with every promise of the wildest riot and confusion when any attempt at adjustment is made. It has been said that claims will be sold at auction. It will be a frenzied auction.

THERE is no bigger question within the reach of any public man in this province than that which Hon. Adam Beck has made his specialty—the question of Power. The purity of the air we breathe and the fruitfulness of the earth that feeds us are about the only necessities of modern man that rank in importance ahead of the power that drives the wheels of industry. Nature has provided in various parts of the province, with a forethought that might seem calculated, water powers that could be made to energize a vast net-work of manufacturing centers. In short, nothing better could well have been asked of Nature than the provision she has made for supplying cheap and plentiful power. When Niagara was being measured for harness, we were told of the great boon this giant's strength would prove when once harnessed up to its work. It would so cheapen and multiply power that the region within a two hundred mile radius of the cataract would become the workshop of the world. Every farmer between here and Niagara was invited to feel that he was the owner of a future factory site. When Hon. Adam Beck took up this subject the possibilities of it fascinated him. To-day he sees cause for alarm in the probabilities. Unless all the giant strength of Niagara is to work wholly in behalf of the purses of a few men, his opinion is that there must be devised a means whereby there can be municipal control and distribution of power. He sees no prospect that electric energy from the Falls will reach a Toronto factory at a cheaper price than we are now paying for energy derived from coal. In fact, those who own Niagara power do not have to sell it cheap—they do not have to sell it at a fair profit on cost. They have but to undersell steam and get the business at all the profit that Niagara can give them.

Hon. Adam Beck is a young man who has reached a critical fork in the road. Which way will he take? Appointed by the Government to the chairmanship of the Power Commission he has examined the natural resources of the province and finds them to be large. He has said so, and has plainly declared that he can see no particular advantage coming towards the general public from the approach of Niagara power. The greatly reduced value of power will not be allowed by its owners, to noticeably reduce its cost to the user. Mr. Beck has represented the people in his dealings with this subject and he will have reports to present, speeches to make in the Legislature, consultations with his colleagues in the Cabinet, deputations to meet in public and emissaries to repulse in private. He can make this question his own and go on as he has begun, saying the thing that needs to be said and suggesting such action as will best tend to cheapen power; or, he can make it his chief purpose to so handle this question that it will not at any time embarrass the Government which he supports. Briefly, he has to choose whether he will accomplish something, or nothing. If the subject is handled solely for the subject's sake, results will follow; if it is handled so that only its soft side can ever press against the Government and never provide an inconvenience, it will be a political diversion but nothing more. Let Mr. Beck consider. Mr. Pettypiece of Lambton mastered the question of railway taxation as few

questions have been mastered by private members of the Legislature. He fairly burned with a desire to attain results, but he was a sound party man, a supporter of a hard-pressed Government—his lines were laid in a mighty difficult place—so he met his party half way, lost his cause and sacrificed himself, for the time being, at least. Had he been able to force his party with him, it might have been better for his party. Had he relentlessly tried to do so, undeniably it would have been better for his cause and its champion. The cause is the thing. The man who hitches his party to a Cause, whether it will or no, is the man who makes his party live.

WHEN a man accepts a political nomination he never knows what simple little incident of his career may be brought up out of the past, magnified, illuminated, and made to take first place in public notice. W. K. McNaught, in the North Toronto election, has had his experience of this during the past week. He had no sooner received the Conservative nomination than ex-Alderman Ramsden got up at a Liberal meeting and solemnly stated that he had no sympathy with those who criticized Mr. McNaught because he voted for the Liberal candidate and against Dr. Beattie Nesbitt in the last election. The speaker defended the action of Mr. McNaught at that time. The newspapers, speakers and canvassers, desirous of defeating Mr. McNaught, kept harping all week on the way he was supposed to have cast his ballot in the Nesbitt-Blain election. Every man of them thought he did the right thing. But their pur-

the witness box in the insurance investigation, and his life really ended there and then. He had to admit many things which he had been able to extenuate in the private management of his business, but which he could not even attempt to justify in the broad glare of publicity. In his office, communing with himself, any time these past ten years, he could see the absolute necessity of supplying money to be spent noiselessly at the State capital to prevent the passage of legislation designed to injure the business of which he was the guardian—legislation designed rather to compel him to supply money to be spent noiselessly. In his office he used to say, no doubt, that he was dealing, like a practical man, with conditions as he found them. It availed nothing to say this when he stood in the witness box. There was the sum of \$235,000 in all, drawn out of insurance funds by Andrew Hamilton, and there was nothing to show for this money. What had been done with it? John A. McCall put the best face he could on it, saying that if Mr. Hamilton did not refund the money, he would. He was called on to do so, and put up \$85,000 in cash, giving notes for \$150,000. He mortgaged and then sold his Long Branch residence to meet these notes. Property that had cost him \$600,000 went for half that sum. This was not enough—nothing is enough in such a case. The newspapers of the whole world were after him. Policyholders were meeting and passing resolutions having to do with him and his actions. The old man, lying dangerously ill, surrounded by his anxious family, and feeling in his heart that he had never dominated anything but had always been a tossed and driven

It does not amount to much more at the present time. But the political parties have learned that the editor makes a good candidate. The Liberals made the discovery first, and won or saved several seats, before the Conservative party saw the point. Then Editor Hugh Clark carried a division of Bruce where a Conservative was not supposed to have a ghost of a chance, and Editor Joseph P. Downey of Guelph found a seat and made it safe. Although the Liberals were nearly annihilated in the last general elections only one of the editor-members met defeat, and he but by a few votes. There has been a bye-election in Kingston and even then the editor-member, the candidate of a routed party, could not be beaten. This is not written to boost pressmen, but because it has to be written by somebody, so that the facts may not escape general consideration. Lawyers have been the natural candidates everywhere, but a lawyer is a man who makes enemies in the practice of his profession. He mixes in the fiercest quarrels and hates of his community. The country editor, with his paper, makes friends in all directions. He gets a credit for wisdom that only indomitable folly can break down. When he goes to the Legislature he has a medium of communication with his constituents that keeps him in touch with them at all times. But the view I seek to enforce is that the editor makes a good candidate because he carries to the polls all those high professions of citizenship that the press advances. The wisdom of "we," the patriotism, the high-mindedness, the mystery of the editorial "we," all go to the polls to be approved, and meet approval. Are they going to merit it? Making good candidates, are the newspapermen in the Legislature going to make such good representatives of the people that they will retain public favor, and justify the popular faith, or will they jog along the beaten path that politicians have always taken—docile to the whip, kind in harness, looking for sunset and the warm box-stall of a salaried job when the disappointed voters will mark no more ballots for them? There are eight editors in this Legislature—tried and true penmen in behalf of civic uprightness and general good government. In their persons the whole press is brought to the trial of practical test.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has received this week one of the most successful banquets ever given a public man in Canada. The personal popularity of the Premier among the Liberals of Ontario scarcely needed to be demonstrated. Nobody doubted it. From far and near the prominent men of the party gathered in Toronto on Wednesday in honor of the leader, and there was no insincerity in the enthusiasm with which he was greeted. But those who came—these members of the Senate, the Parliament, and the Legislature, past or future candidates, vociferous or dumbly appealing applicants for offices, party workers, local leaders, bell wethers and irresponsible diners-out who are always ready to encourage the laying of a good table and the providing of a good entertainment—these men, after all, could scarcely speak for Ontario. They were, indeed, part of the stage settings to supply a suitable scenery; they served as a merry group of villagers to applaud the hero. In a word, the Premier came here to make a speech, not to eat a dinner. There are good meals to be had at Ottawa—for those who know the ropes. The Premier had something to say to Ontario that, from the standpoint of the party leader, very much needed saying and he said it to people who could be trusted to circulate the message everywhere. With considerable skill Sir Wilfrid played upon the traditional enthusiasms of Liberalism. In fine procession he marched out for review the shades of all the great leaders of the party who are now dead and gone. No party seance could have been more gratifying. The medium was the greatest living, while those present were in rapport and not at all disposed to feel for the wires or otherwise evince skepticism. Unquestionably the speech will strengthen Sir Wilfrid's position in Ontario. It will recover for him some of the ground he has lost.

Ground is a thing that a leader cannot afford to lose. On the occasion of such a banquet the man who is the guest of the evening might, were he not experienced, suppose himself impregnably established in the affections of the people. There were persons present on whom the Premier should have rested a reflecting eye—men, the vicissitudes of whose fortunes, carry instruction for all who wield power. Round and about him sat those ex-Ministers of Ontario who not so long ago did the carving for an admiring multitude. The committee having this banquet in charge had some difficulty, I understand, in locating some of them, so that invitations could be mailed to them. They no longer wake up in the morning to find their ante-rooms crowded with solicitous friends. No longer having power and place to bestow, honors and offices to scatter, contracts to let, their smiles ceased to be struggled for and their frowns to carry dismay. A banquet is a splendid thing, only a public man gets banqueted when he doesn't need it, but when the banqueters do.

TRAVEL fifty miles from Toronto in any direction, leave the railway and walk along a sideline and you will find hundred-acre farms that yield their owners a bare living in return for hard and steady toil. Go out of Toronto six or eight miles, in any direction, and you will find three, six and ten-acre lots that are supporting families comfortably. Some of the owners of these lots are reputed to be well off. The land they cultivate is no better than that of the hundred-acre farm fifty miles away that barely feeds and clothes those who live upon it. Is it not evident, therefore, that we have not begun to make the best use of the land that we possess in such abundance? It appears to be mostly a question of getting to market. The man who cultivates ten acres ten miles away has nothing to do with the transportation problem that confounds the man who has a hundred acres one hundred miles away. The man with the ten-acre farm attends to the transportation of his own products. He knows nothing of freight rates on railways, car shortage, and similar difficulties. The horses that plow his land haul his crops to market, and he has fewer middlemen between his acres and those who consume the product of his furrows. If need be, he can establish a trade direct with consumers and deliver roots and vegetables at their doors. He can bring his produce fresh to the table, while the man one hundred miles away cannot do, and the latter is compelled to grow hay and oats, peas and barley, acre on acre, knowing that there is mighty little profit in it. And yet what's fifty miles—or what's a hundred miles—in these days, that any such distance should be a hopeless barrier in getting fresh fruit and vegetables to a city market in condition to suit the consumer and at a cost of carriage that will make it profitable to the farmer? Is there not a contemptuous neglect of opportunity on the part of somebody, since it is found that, with a few exceptions, market gardening can only be conducted profitably by those within teaming distance of the market. The railway idea seems to be to demand a half interest in the profits of every business



"MR. EDITOR" AS A POLITICIAN.

pose was, of course, to wave something red before the eyes of the fierce, unreasoning bull of partisanship—to pass the teasing news to the yellow dogs of Mr. McNaught's party that he is not a yellow dog, and to tempt Dr. Nesbitt to come out of the plush quiet of his retirement and get even with the man who thought he was not good enough to vote for.

Mr. McNaught has a very good record as a citizen, and it is safe to say that when he sat down in advance to speculate upon the possible grounds on which his opponents would seek to defeat him, he entirely overlooked this crime of having cast—or of having spoken as if he meant to cast—a vote for a Liberal candidate who happened to be one of his intimate acquaintances. The net result of this incident will be to warn men like Mr. McNaught against voting anything but the straight ticket every time, irrespective of the worth and merit of the opposing candidate and ignoring every consideration of friendship. In a city where the Liberals are usually asking Conservative citizens to put partisanship aside and vote for their candidate for this, that or the other reason, it can scarcely be as smart as it looks—this baiting of Mr. McNaught because on a certain occasion he responded to just such appeals. He will be able to show the mark on his neck that he got by listening to such persuasion.

JOHN A. MCCALL is dead. One year—six months ago—he was one of the most influential, one of the most respected, business men in the United States of America. As president of a great life insurance company he was drawing a salary of \$100,000 a year; in high finance he was a power; in his profession he was about the weightiest authority on this continent; in his personal conduct and private life he was an example; in his splendid home at Lakewood, New Jersey, and at his summer residence at Long Branch in the same State, he lived with his family the life of a cultured old gentleman, going up into the city to direct, with his skilled mind, the gigantic affairs of the institution of which he was the dominating influence. Of which he was the dominating influence? Perhaps not quite that. Who, or what, is the dominating influence of any great aggregation of capital, no outsider and no one only half inside, can ever truly say. Yet John A. McCall was a mark for envy, with his wealth, his influence, his reputation. To-day he is dead—killed by worry, disgrace, swift and sweeping financial losses. Two months ago he went into

struggle, learned that the Fowler investigation committee, composed of directors of his former company, had issued a report severely censuring him, and demanding a full and complete accounting of his expenditures in connection with legislation. This worry finished him. John A. McCall has gone to a higher court to show whether he was most rogue or victim. On earth, we may rest assured, willing hands will toss on his grave every loose and unclaimed sin found about the premises of the New York Life Insurance Company. His taking-off will prove a convenience to all who were associated with him in a brazen business, that seemed big, but which was not worth what it has cost—him.

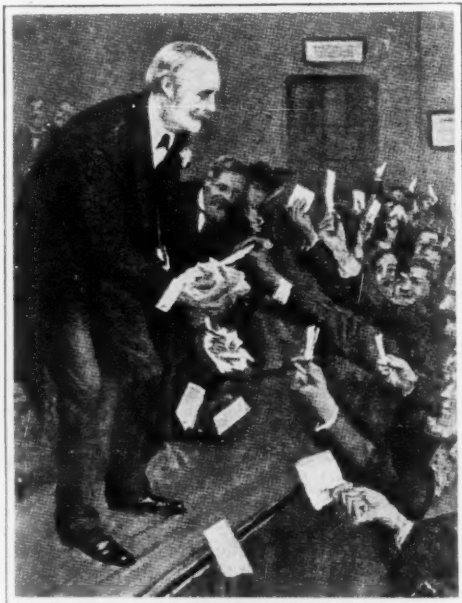
ONE newspaper editor moved the address and another seconded it on the opening of the Ontario Legislature the other day. Six other editors sat in the seats of the mighty, pondering the necessity of enacting new laws and ever and anon snapping their fingers in order to see the page boys dance attendance on them. It was a sight that the pioneer editors of Ontario would have rejoiced to see, but alas! they saw it not. The pioneer editor in the rural journalism of this province used to feel it honor enough to bear a hand in electing a lawyer, merchant or wealthy farmer to sit in the Legislature. The standard-bearer of his party having been elected, the editor got his reward when he received notice to send two copies of his paper weekly to the Legislative Assembly and forward a bill for the amount to the Provincial Treasurer. During the twelvemonth preceding a general election he might expect to get government advertising amounting to \$14.30 at the rate of ten cents per line agate measure, which he felt to be in the nature of a fraud, as other advertisers never paid anything like that price. If there was a day's delay in the arrival of the money he dreaded exposure as one who had tried to defraud the State, but, after the money had come, he knew the truth of that saying among public servants, "The King always expects to pay double." The pioneer editor was not looking for nominations. He was seeking subscribers; he felt that the followers of his party should take his paper and when, unable to make ends meet, a farmer on his side of politics was selling out to remove to Dakota, he felt that he had a right to expect to get the printing of the auction sale bills. Such was the small and innocent loot that even the fiercest partisanship was wont to gather for its reward in the rural newspaper business not so long ago.

whose products it hauls—every business except the big, powerful business that can dictate terms.

The greatest mistake made in the history of railways was when the shippers of fresh meat and fruits tried to get the railway companies to equip their lines with refrigerator cars, and were told that they must provide this accommodation for themselves. The railway companies did not want to be bothered with it. To-day the railways of America would gladly pay, dollar for dollar, all that has been invested in refrigerator cars, and millions by way of bonus, to recover the control of transportation which they lost by their blunder. They were stuck in the mud when they made their mistake. They were busy enough, they thought, without being pestered to build fresh cars for special shippers. Why couldn't these meat men be content to ship cattle on the hoof in the regular way, and as nature and the builders of cattle-cars meant that they should? Why couldn't they go on shipping fruit as the weather permitted instead of flying in the face of Providence by trying to make use of cars that would be independent of the weather? The Meat Trust grew out of the folly of the railways.

The men who wanted the companies to put on refrigerator cars were rank outsiders, and were told that they did not understand the railway business. If so, they have mastered some of its details since. It looks to-day, in the view of other rank outsiders, as if the steam railways were committing another folly in failing to develop a produce trade with such city markets as that of Toronto. They seem to be enslaved to express companies which have fixed charges, and as much business as they desire. The farmer fifty miles from Toronto is often selling his butter and eggs at one-half the Toronto price. Hundreds of tons of fruit rot annually within a fifty-mile radius of Toronto that could be marketed here if any means of conveyance were provided. The radial lines, some of these days, will get down to doing business on the level whereon the multitude of the people dwell. They will handle the bales and bundles of the little shipper, the pails and baskets of the market-goer—they will bring the farmer from fifty miles away into touch with the daily city market, and set the steam railways, when too late, hustling for the ten-cent express parcels they have always despised.

WHEN a Canadian hears or reads about the heckling of public men in England during election campaigns he seldom gets an adequate idea of what the ordeal is through which the politician passes. The picture here reproduced from the *Sketch* shows Mr. Balfour addressing the people of his constituency and being subjected to a great heckling. He had invited anybody to ask questions, whereupon the people arose and fairly showered him with written enquiries about his deeds and words while occupying the Premiership. He smiled and gathered in his surprisingly large harvest of billets. It is obligatory on the public man in England to submit with the greatest good humor to this baiting, for should he lose his temper his defeat would be certain. In Canada it is customary to talk about the ill-usage to which our public men are subjected, but more candidates in England are howled down, or rolled in the mud, or mobbed in the street in one election than in fifty years of politics in this country. When a man at the back of the hall in a political meeting here ventures to ask a question everybody joins in a demand that he be put out, and, if he persists in making interruptions out he goes. The difference between conditions there and here, no doubt, lies largely in the fact that with us the candidate is a man of, and belonging to, the people whom he addresses. In England the statesman only feigns to be the obedient servant of the people and their chosen man. He feels that he is a cut above his constituents, and they feel that when he comes down to their level to solicit votes they will initiate him into the mysteries of the ballot-casting order of beings. It is their chance—it comes infrequently, it is soon over, but they make much of it while it lasts.



BALFOUR AT BAY.
Ex-Premier of Britain severely "heckled" by the voters during the campaign which wrought his overthrow.

IN writing a paragraph recently about the future day when a tired citizen of Toronto may go home of a Friday evening and tell his wife and children to put on their wings and fly with him to spend Sunday with grandma in England, and be back home by Monday noon. I was so interested in the prospect that I absently spoke of Alexander Graham Bell as having been "formerly of Galt." He was formerly of Brantford, not Galt. Naturally there have been protests, for the Telephone City does not want to lose the credit of having produced the telephone inventor. One correspondent adds: "Galt has not been without her great men, however. Dr. John Beattie Crozier, the philosopher, now resident in old London, and the late James P. Lee, the inventor of the Lee-Enfield and Lee-Metford rifles, were both born in Galt."

MACK.

Why is Good English so Rare?

REFORM in education promises soon to become a large issue in Ontario. Discussions on this subject in the newspapers and among educationists have been frequent of late, and now the Whitney Government is taking the matter up, using both hands, as though esteeming it a weighty problem. The provincial Department of Education is being reorganized, and indeed the reorganization of the entire school system seems probable.

Premier Whitney this week stated that "the duty of the Government must be primarily to the ninety-six per cent. attending the Public schools," and added that it was towards that end that the efforts of himself and his colleagues were at present directed. In this all are agreed. The Public school is the only *dina mater* of the great majority of Canadian boys and girls, and the first and constant care of the Education Department should be to enlarge its usefulness.

The most important mission of the Public school is to equip the youth of the land with a good working knowledge of the English language. It is not enough to induce a boy to commit to memory the principal rules of grammar or to become roughly and mechanically familiar with the outstanding features of certain machine-made sentences and phrases used to illustrate correct and faulty construction. He should have impressed upon him the fact that his whole career depends largely upon his ability to express himself clearly and with judgment and good taste. A man may engage in the most prosaic occupation—one in which nothing would seem to count but hard sense and a capacity for action, and he may, despite his inability in this respect, achieve great business success; yet not a day passes that he does not feel the handicap. He has to look for choice of words to his secretary when he writes a letter, and when he essays conversation, other than uncouth shop-talk, he is deplorably at sea.

Good English is to-day rarely spoken or written even by the educated classes. A talented young professor, who

is treating the students at Victoria College to an excellent course of lectures in English this year, drew the attention of his class the other day to the fact that the great majority of professional men and those who are looked to as leaders of thought in affairs political or communal, when they rise to express themselves in public do so almost invariably in halting, slipshod English. The lecturer also claimed that only a small percentage of persons of education, even at leisure and by exercising care, can write a paragraph or a letter in English that is marked by clearness, forcefulness, or elegance. The question is, Why is it that very rarely when a great man dies the writers on the press can vary the conventional obituary by saying that "he koude songes make and well endite"? Why is it that so few professional men display creative literary ability? Why is it that when Professor Goldwin Smith, for example, rises to speak at a public dinner he seems to talk in a different language to that employed by the other speakers? Perhaps it is unfair to say that the Little Red Schoolhouse is to blame because an "educated" person can nearly always be depended upon to kill interest with weariness when he starts out to say anything or write anything in a formal way. There are those who make the explanation that good English is rarely heard because we have learned a new language, to wit, modern slang. A writer who holds this view says:

"For my own part, I am not so sure that the schools are to blame in the matter. Within the last generation a difficulty has sprung up which the schools of an earlier date were not embarrassed with. I refer to the enormous divergence between spoken and written English, which is characteristic of the present day, particularly in the United States. Formerly people spoke substantially as they wrote; to-day they talk a kind of impressionist jargon consisting largely of slang. By the aid of gesture, expression, emphasis and a partnership in knowledge of the matter discussed, they manage to understand one another well enough; but ask a man or a youth to develop in standard English the substance of one of these impressionist conversations, and you really ask him to translate it into a language which he understands when heard, but of the forms of which he really has no effective command. You ask him to substitute a logical arrangement of words for a kind of symbolism in which a single slang term will perhaps take the place of a whole sentence."

In the face of this Professor Lounsbury of Yale rises to protest against the "schoolmastering" of the English tongue. He says, "Schools, possessed of that little information which is a dangerous thing, are constantly and erroneously destroying the idiomatic spontaneity of the language by applying to it rigidly the principles of a mistaken logic. Instead of following a natural, normal development," he continues, "upon the lines laid down by the great writers of our literature, sets of artificial rules for the regulation of expression have been from time to time and still are announced."

Far be it from any newspaperman, I hope, to disagree with this stimulating utterance. Were the language robbed of idiomatic spontaneity it would be an evil day for the Fourth Estate, for then would our speech fall to the level of dullness which, according to the Victoria professor, characterizes that of the doctors, lawyers, and preachers of the day! As newspapermen are the only class not affected by the present-day demoralization of the English language, as we are about the only ones who can color language with idiomatic spontaneity to the limit without loss of dignity or distinction in expression, it will be seen that a spirit of large generosity marks the journalist's plea that the teaching of English shall be given a more important place in the list of Public school studies. Our language is all right, but even at the risk of seeing members of other professions acquire a style at once as utilitarian and graceful as our own, we still urge that the rising generation be taught not only to refrain from saying "I have come," but to go further and drink as deep as may be of the Pierian spring.

Whatever is the reason that so little good English is written or spoken, I feel certain that so far as Ontario is concerned, if the blame lies in the schools, Deputy Minister Colquhoun, being a newspaperman, will get to the bottom of the matter. And yet, such is the uncharity to which we are subjected, that I should be not in the least surprised if some learned professor, reading—or rather perusing—this article, should remark in distressed tones: "Dear, dear, the deplorable looseness and levity of newspaper English constitute a most corrupting influence. How can we expect the young to become purists when day by day they read such stuff as this?" HAL.

"The profession of 'touting' has long been recognized as an eligible one for women, but this year it is assuming larger proportions than ever before," says the *London Mail*. "The daintily dressed woman in the smart hotel who held a regular court of admiring fellow-guests, and quite inadvertently, mentioned the name of the dressmaker who cut 'that delicious frock,' has gone out of fashion. Court dressmakers, in these days of competition, are racking their brains for more original methods. A celebrated modiste hit upon a clever plan last season. The visitors at a West End boarding-house were informed that an American girl was coming to stay who 'dressed on about twopenny a year, and looked lovely.' The girl arrived, and fulfilled all expectations. She made many friends and a few enemies by absolutely refusing to give the name of the 'treasure who made her dresses for a mere trifle.' One day she accidentally dropped an envelope which inclosed a bill from the mysterious dressmaker. The next day Mine. — welcomed ten new customers."

The German State railway is much tempted to encourage the Emperor to travel as often as possible, for each journey he takes is a considerable sum in the pocket of the nation. His Majesty travels in great splendor. As a rule, there are two special trains, one for the Emperor and one for the Empress. These are the property of the Prussian State, but the travelling expenses are paid by the Emperor himself. The court trains are charged at the same rate as ordinary special trains. Thus the journey from Berlin to Elbing, near the north-east frontier, costs rather over fifteen hundred dollars, and the same fee is, of course, charged for the return journey.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy says that the new C. P. R. steamers are different from the vessels that ordinarily go to Montreal, and will not be risked in the St. Lawrence channel between Quebec and Montreal until it is 30 feet deep and 300 feet wide, with 500-foot bends. The C. P. R.'s decision will hasten the improvement of the channel, which must be made as safe as natural obstacles will permit. This was the determination of the late Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Mr. Prefontaine, and his plans will be doubtless prosecuted with vigor by the Government.—*London Advertiser*.

The Patent Medicine Page.

(Ballade with double refrain.)

EACH year I find sends forth still new M.D.'s,
Each one aspires to grace the sphere he fills,
But where's the use or glory of Degrees?
No Doctor's now required to cure your ills.
No druggist, either, at your beck distills
Your sedative or tonic for a wage,
The treatment's clear for fever or for chills—
You'll find it on the Patent Medicine Page.

The Symptoms too, described with power to please,
Rare grace of diction (speaking now of Pills),
You recognize. To combat with disease
No Doctor's now required! To cure your ills,
From s'chillate of soda down to squills
'Tis all a shibboleth at which you rage;
Henceforth, what diagnosis cures or kills—
You'll find it on the Patent Medicine Page!

The only drawback the observer sees
To all these grateful beaific thrills
Is in that Letter where you say at ease,
No Doctor's now required to cure your ills.
Lo—like the Prima Donna with her trills
Refound, or like the Driver of a Stage,
Your name's ground out by daily-paper mills—
You'll find it on the Patent Medicine Page.

Envoi.

However, it's a saving in the Bills.
No Doctor's now required to cure your ills.
No matter what your case what cure you seek,
You'll find it on the Patent Medicine Page!
S. F. HARRISON.

Toronto, Feb., '06.

Medicine For Bad Temper.

WITH regard to the suggestion of Sir Lauder Brunton that fits of bad temper may be controlled by the administration of quieting drugs such as the bromids, *The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery* for February

contains the following:
With all due submission to Sir Lauder Brunton, the best way to control bad temper, or preferably to prevent the temper from becoming bad in a considerable number of persons, is to prevent or relieve indigestion. Nervous exhaustion, overwork, pain are all well-known causes of outbreaks of temper. These latter causes are often so apparent, and the physical unfitness of the bad-tempered person so suggestive to those in his environment, that rest, good food, a glass of wine, or perhaps an opiate, are given with the happiest results. Explosions of bad temper in an arthritic man often depend on another cause, and call for very different treatment. An arthritic man looks well, feels well, is an active worker, and consumes large quantities of meat; but at certain times, when he is beset with uric acid toxemia, gloom and despondency seize him, or he gives way to unreasoning and uncalculated bursts of temper, and makes everyone in his immediate neighborhood uncomfortable. Instead of ordering temper powders for such a man, a physician should advise him to eat little or no meat, drink no wine, beer or liquor, eschew tea and coffee, and take muscular exercise regularly on an empty stomach. The patient may not bless the doctor at first; but, if he sticks to the anti-uric-acid regimen, he will recognize unmistakable signs of the soundness of the advice regarding abstention from certain foods and drinks—a sweeter temper, more complete self-control, even under trying circumstances, greater working power with less fret. His family and friends will recognize the change in the bad-tempered man, but will be loath to ascribe the happy result to the real cause, probably because the doctor's advice would go against the grain, if given to themselves. There are other forms of bad temper, for which moral treatment is necessary.

"A friend of mine," says ex-President Cleveland, "was once travelling on foot through a section of West Virginia, well known for its excellent fishing-grounds, when he chanced upon an angler of the old school—a venerable old countryman who, as he sat on the bank, looked as if time and the world might pass away without disturbing his content. 'Have you fished long in this stream?' pleasantly asked my friend. 'Twenty-three years,' was the laconic response of the fisherman, who scarcely looked up. 'Get many bites?' was the next question. Still gazing intently along the rod he held, the old angler replied: 'Two years ago in this very spot I had a fine bite.'—*Argonaut*.

In a certain school an average of seventy-five per cent. was required for promotion from one grade to another. Eight-year-old Rosalie was indolent and fond of play and fun, but yet wanted to pass from the second to the third grade with just as little study and work as possible. The end of the term came and the grade-card showed a per cent. of seventy-six. When displaying her card to her parents that night the child said, "Isn't it a shame that I studied hard enough to get one more than I needed?"—*Lippincott's*.

A well-known author was once introduced to a fascinating but frivolous widow. That evening the fair one had been indulging in tender reminiscences of the departed. "Ah!" she sighed, "no other man can ever fill dear Jack's place. I loved him from the bottom of my heart." "True," suggested the writer, who was aware of the lady's weakness; "Lut, remember, there's always room at the top!"

The young hopeful had just returned from the Sunday school and his mother was busy catechising him on the afternoon's lesson. "You know, mother," he exclaimed, "I don't believe Solomon was as rich as they make out." "But, darling," expostulated the fond parent in pious horror, "you know what the Bible says?" "Yes; I know it says 'Solomon slept with his fathers.' If he were so rich, why didn't he have a bed to himself?"—*Tatler*.

He was a recent recruit from Ireland's green turf and had secured his first position in a grocery store. One day a customer approached the new clerk and inquired for some crumbled store-cheese for a Welsh rabbit. After supplying the customer with the desired cheese, Pat inquired, "And, sure, is that phwat yer feed them on?"

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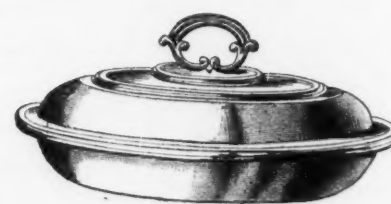
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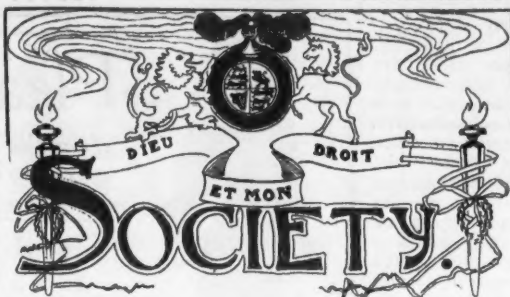
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THE marriage of Mr. Alan Featherston Aylesworth, only son of the Postmaster-General, and Miss Ellen Elizabeth Gladys Burton, first daughter of the late Warren Burton, and granddaughter of the late Sir George Burton of Oak Lodge, took place at half-past two on Tuesday afternoon in St. James' Cathedral, the Rector, Rev. Canon Welch, officiating. Though the morning was lowering the sun shone out after noon, and there was a "bit of blue," the promise of good luck, overhead, when the bride's procession entered the stately old church. The chancel steps, where the bridegroom and his best man awaited the bride's coming, were arched with green, white blossoms peeping out, and palms hiding the choir stalls. Miss Burton was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Guy Burton, and attended by three maids, Miss Hilda Burton, her sister, Miss Helen Southam of Hamilton, and Miss Muriel Barwick, her cousin. Mr. Fred Mackelcan of Hamilton was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Eric Armour, Mr. Reginald Parmenter, Mr. Irving Robertson of "Culloden," and Mr. Alfred Clare. Two little maidens, Isobel and Betty Burton, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Burton, their golden curls crowned with wreaths of white flowers, and wearing white frockies, were also in the bride's party; the bridesmaids wore white net and lace gowns, white shirred turban hats and carried Richmond roses—the deep note of color given by the flowers being all that relieved this "white" wedding. As for the girlish little bride, she was the essence of daintiness in a robe of Limerick lace, slightly trained, and veil of tulle prettily arranged over the orthodox crown of orange blossoms. A magnificent bouquet, white roses and much lily of the valley, with feathery ferns, in cascades of loveliness and fragrance, was the finishing touch to the bride's fineries. Dr. Ham presided at the organ, and one of the choir boys sang the Doctor's setting of *O, Perfect Love* during the signing of the register. Long before the hour, guests arrived by dozens, some of the more prominent among them being Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, the latter in a rich purple gown and mauve toque, Sir Louis and Lady Jette of Quebec, the latter in navy blue velvet brocade and black and white bonnet, His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the latter in emerald velvet with bonnet to match, Miss Elise Clark in a smart light silk dress and pretty hat. Lady Mulock in black frilled net and pale blue and white toque. Of the family party, Mrs. Burton (*mere*) was in black, with wide hat and bouquet of violets, Mrs. George Burton was in pale blue, with toque of pale green and violets, Mrs. Walter Barwick was in cream white *crepe de soie*, looking the picture of trimness, and wore a wide black hat which was most becoming; her bouquet of violets was edged with lily of the valley. Miss Burton was handsomely gowned and looked very well also. The bride's family sat on the left of the main aisle, and the relatives of the groom on the right. Among the latter were Mr. Aylesworth, grandfather of the groom, and Mrs. Aylesworth, who was in a black gown and hat. The Postmaster-General and Mrs. Aylesworth, the latter perfectly gowned in sapphire velvet, *applique* in faint-toned leaves, a white and gold guimpe, elbow sleeves and a high folded girle, one of Paquin's prettiest gowns; a becoming blue velvet hat with blue plume completed a *distingue* costume. Mrs. Berkeley, niece of Mrs. Aylesworth, with her sister, Miss Millar, and Dr. Berkeley were among the Aylesworth party. Mrs. Berkeley was in emerald chiffon velvet, with white lace, and a crinoline straw hat with emerald plumes, and Miss Millar was in cream white with hat to match. The sisters were much admired, Mrs. Berkeley being particularly graceful and *chic*. The Hamilton contingent was handsome and smart to a degree, such stunning women as Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Nesbitt and Mrs. Southam keeping up the reputation of the Ambitious City. Miss Dunlop, in a pretty pale blue gown and toque of white, was down from Hamilton. Miss Florence Grange, cousin of the groom, was a Kingstonian much admired. Miss Glasco of Hamilton looked charming in blue voile, embroidered, and white hat, and Mrs. Turnbull in a heliotrope and black costume was another Hamilton guest, whence also came Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Moore. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to 77 Lower avenue, the residence of Mr. George Burton, where the reception and *dejeuner* were given, and there the bride's mother and aunt, the Mesdames Warren and George Burton, received the company, who then passed on with congratulatory speeches to the bride and groom, with whom the maids and ushers formed a very pretty group. The reception-room was decorated with palms and flowers and a lovely bridal bell of pink and white roses hung therein. Two rooms upstairs were filled with handsome gifts, a lovely French clock from Sir Louis and Lady Jette, a silver service on a salver from Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hyman, a case of silver from the groom's parents, and equally handsome presents from Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, and many other distinguished guests, down to the useful and pretty kitchen ware in pale blue enamel given by the bride's faithful old nurse. The health of the bride was drunk with three rousing cheers, and presently she slipped away with her husband, soon returning in her dark green travelling gown for the farewell loving wishes and cloud of confetti which followed her flight to the waiting carriage. Mr. and Mrs. Aylesworth have gone to Virginia for their honeymoon and will, on their return next month, reside in Macpherson avenue. Telegrams from all directions kept arriving until the time of their departure, and if good wishes bring like fortune the young people will have a life of sunshine and roses. A few of the guests at the wedding were, besides those already mentioned, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Moss, Mr. C. Moss, Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Miss Aimee Falconbridge, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harcourt, Professor and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mrs. J. K. Kerr and Miss Kerr, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Judge and Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Teetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Galt, Mr. Laidlaw, K.C., Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynn, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Drynan, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. W. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mrs. Maculloch, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay, Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss Blundell-McEnery, the Misses Melfort Boulton, Miss Case, Miss Rutherford, Miss Sprague, the Misses Gladys and Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Street, Miss Guthrie, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Grace Boulton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Robinson have returned from their honeymoon and are at the King Edward for the winter.

Mrs. Percy Beatty is giving bridge parties on Monday and Tuesday of next week. On Monday Mrs. Walter S.

Lee is giving a small tea for her guest, Mrs. Massey of New York, who arrived yesterday, and on Tuesday Mrs. Warwick of Sunnyside is giving a tea, also for Mrs. Massey. On Monday Mrs. Warrington is giving a bridge with the usual tea guests after.

Mrs. Andrew Darling has her mother, Mrs. White of New York, with her on a visit at Sussex Court.

Mrs. Kelly and her sister, Mrs. Ghent Davis, were in town this week at the King Edward, and have gone to Mount Clemens for a month, after which Mrs. Kelly will go to the West Coast and take Mrs. Davis with her.

Miss Nanno Hughes returned to town the other day and is at the King Edward.

Mrs. Colin Gordon gave a very pleasant bridge on Monday at her home in St. George street. Nine tables were arranged for the popular craze, and the prizes were brought in, securely papered and tied up with ribbons of red, so that no one knew what they were choosing, the mysterious little parcels being of almost uniform size. They proved to be most dainty little handpainted ring or jewel boxes of Dresden china, and the fair dames whose cabinets or dressing-tables are the gainers are Mrs. Graham Thompson, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Percy Beatty, charmingly pretty Miss Fenton, a guest of Mrs. Joe Beatty from St. Kitts, Mrs. Charlie Temple, Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mrs. George Clarkson and Miss Helen Kay. Mrs. Miller Lash and Mrs. Alec Robertson presided at the tea-table, which was centered with pink tulips, and Miss Kathleen Gordon and Miss Kay assisted in looking after the guests.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHN KAYE.

Among the officers who have recently left Toronto was Captain Kaye, who a couple of years ago married Miss Buchanan, daughter of the Colonel then commanding at Stanley Barracks. Captain and Mrs. Kaye are now in Halifax, where no doubt the smart young officer and his jolly wife are as popular as they were in Toronto. The "happy family" at Stanley Barracks has lost several of its members in the last year and will shortly miss two more, who will go on service abroad.

Mrs. Beverley Harris of Tyndall avenue was hostess of a pleasant tea on Saturday, given for her guest, Mrs. Webb of Colborne, formerly Eva Kennedy. It was a golden tea, the flowers of the early spring, jonquils and daffodils, and broad gold-colored ribbons being used for the decoration of the tea-table. Miss Harris, Miss Lukes and Miss Irene Doolittle assisted.

The festivities of the last crowded week ere the dawn of the penitential season, have been augmented by many doings in honor of the visit of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, who arrived on Sunday and were welcomed by Senator and Mrs. Melvin Jones to Llawhaden for the first part of their stay. On Sunday evening some friends supped with the Prime Minister and his lady at Llawhaden, on Monday Mrs. Aylesworth gave a luncheon of twenty-four covers in the Nile room at McConkey's in honor of Lady Laurier, while Senator Melvin-Jones entertained Sir Wilfrid at the Toronto Club. On Monday night Lady Laurier and her hosts attended the Princess Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a dinner of twenty-two covers in honor of their distinguished guests. Sandwiched between the wedding reception and the dinner was a small tea at Government House, when Mrs. Mortimer Clark entertained the Lauriers, the Jetties and a company of prominent people. On Wednesday Mrs. Kerr of Rathfriland gave a luncheon for Lady Laurier, Mrs. Magann of Thorncliffe asked some friends to tea to meet her, and in the evening the grand banquet in Massey Hall to Sir Wilfrid took the whole party there to hear the speeches. On Thursday Mrs. Melvin-Jones gave a bridge at Llawhaden, and in the evening Lady Mulock gave a reception for Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, who returned to the Capital on Friday.

On Tuesday Mrs. P. E. Doolittle gave a bridge at her home in Sherbourne street, at which some nine tables were arranged for the game. The three highest scores won charming prizes and the occasion was one of a great deal of pleasure. Some of the guests were Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Ferrier, Mrs. Gerrold Ball, Mrs. Beverley Harris, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. McClung, Mrs. Alfred Clarke, Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Mrs. Gurney and Mrs. Ryckman, Mrs. McAgly, Mrs. Denison. Mrs. Beverley Harris poured tea and coffee and the table was gay with daffodils. Miss Irene Doolittle and Miss Bilton assisted in the tea-room.

Dr. and Mrs. Berkeley of St. Albans, Lake Champlain, Vermont, and Miss Millar have been at the King Edward this week. They arrived on Monday for the Aylesworth-Burton wedding, and Mrs. Berkeley was one of her aunt Mrs. Aylesworth's guests at the luncheon to Lady Laurier that day. Other guests were Lady Mulock, Lady Meredith, Lady Edgar, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord, Mrs. C. H. Ritchie, Mrs. F. Mowat, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. H. S. Strath, Mrs. Willie Douglas, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay, Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Mrs. Edwin Thomas of Buffalo, Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. James George and Mrs. Denison. The arrangements for the midday feast were particularly pretty and to Mrs. Willie Douglas' artistic touch, I hear, the beauty of the table was due. Large posies of violets tied with green ribbons lay before each place and tulips with ferns and willows of pink and green tulle and broad ribbons made an effect the most enchanting. Mrs. Aylesworth wore a beautiful *cafe au lait* tinted panne *crepe* gown with Persian embroideries, and the guest of honor was in silver grey *crepe*. Mrs. Berkeley wore pale fawn, a lovely gown, and becoming white hat.

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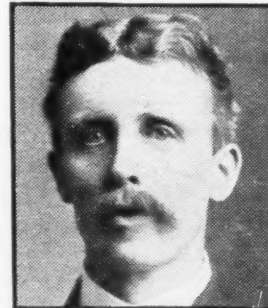
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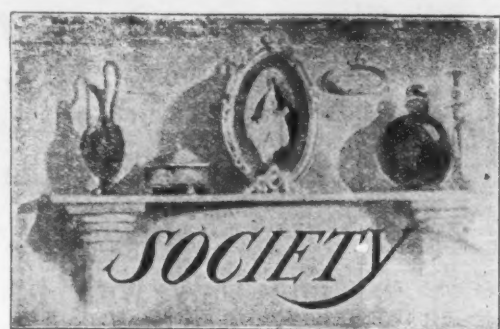
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Coins of Interest.

In commemoration of the silver wedding of the Kaiser and Kaiserin, the Berlin mint is to strike some new five-mark and two-mark pieces, which, by the express desire of the Emperor, will be engraved with the portraits of the Empress and himself, and will bear the double date, 1881-1906. These coins will serve as medals in commemoration of the event, and it is expected that they will be as eagerly sought after by collectors as were Queen Victoria's Jubilee coins in England.



RECEPTION DAYS.

Mrs. T. A. Rowan, 106 Bloor west, 1st Friday.
Mrs. J. H. Bertram, 3 Roxborough east, March 6 and 13.
Mrs. Dunnett, 67 Huntley, February 28.
Mrs. Frank Beecroft, 728 Dovercourt road, March 2 and 4th Thursday and Friday during season.
Mrs. Samuel Johnston, 169 Carlton, March 13 and 20.
Mrs. Edward Job, 41 Avenue road, last Friday.
Mrs. Harry Pringle, 123 Madison avenue, 4th Friday.
Mrs. W. F. Wilson, 175 Lowther avenue, 2nd and 3rd Fridays.
Mrs. Russell Brown, 161 Dufferin street, March 1.
Mrs. Cecil Lee, The Alexandra, February 27 and March 7.
Mrs. Cecil Gibson, 64 St. Alban street, February 27.

Mrs. Elmsley of Barnstable gave a tea yesterday. Today Mrs. Heaven, Mrs. J. B. Maclean and Mrs. Oscar Bickford are some of the hostesses at tea-time.

On Monday evening Castle Frank was thrown open to a goodly company, bidden to enjoy one of the really interesting programmes the attendants at the fashionable "musical" occasionally come across. Mr. Douglas Bertram, who has been with his mother in Germany for the past four years, and has been a devoted student of the piano there, played in a charming way several short gems, and being enthusiastically bidden to continue by his delighted hearers, gave one more little *morceau* that further convinced everyone of his talent and taste. Castle Frank is the ideal place for a house concert, the noble hall, with its stairway landing where the great organ is built in, and from which Miss Fudge, Miss Kemp and Miss Sheppard sang in turn, with Mr. Blakeley accompanying on the organ; the many luxurious chairs and *fauteuils* which were pushed to the arched entrances to the long drawing-room, while scores of guests sat about the immense corridor, everything lends to the success of a musical at Castle Frank. Mrs. Kemp, in a pale sage green panne velvet gown, received in the drawing-room, Miss Kemp, whose "evening" it was, also wore green, and an overdress of heavy cream lace spangled with gold. Mrs. Scott Rait, in a clinging grey *crepe de soie* gown, and Miss Hazel Kemp, the school-girl daughter of the home, recited for the guests, the former doing *Dux Italiani* with organ obligato, in her own impressive and artistic way, and Miss Hazel, in a shell pink *crepe* frock, giving a clever little *morceau* and as an encore *The Little Dutch Garden*, in a very sweet and unaffected manner. Mrs. Franklin Dawson played two fine *cello* solos in perfect style. These recitals were given on the main floor where the grand piano was also set, and the fair Juliets who sang from the balcony were equally applauded. Miss Fudge has a fine, clear voice and good expression, Miss Sheppard and Miss Kemp are too well known and appreciated to need further praise. The latter sang three little songs, those artistic scraps of melody that make one long for more, and many remarks of approval of her progress since her New York studies began were heard. After the little programme was concluded with a dainty bit of organ-playing by Mr. Blakeley, the guests found the dining-room plensished for their enjoyment of a charming supper, and there the amount of chatter and laughter seemed more than usual, after the well-observed courtesy of silence which had ruled during the programme. Mrs. and Miss Kemp are sailing immediately for a long time to Italy and other tempting places. I heard a whisper of a very cute present which seven lady friends made to Mrs. Kemp this week before her departure.

Mrs. J. D. Wilson has been visiting Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins for the past fortnight, and returns home next week. During her stay she has been very largely entertained, her hostess and friends being glad of the opportunity. Mrs. Aikins has given several small luncheons at her home and one larger one down town for her guest; Mrs. Frank Macdonald is giving a bridge for Mrs. Wilson at Mrs. Cook's residence in Dowling avenue on Monday; Mrs. C. H. Ritchie gave a bridge for her on Thursday and Mrs. Somerset, recently from Winnipeg and now residing in Edgedale road, gave a tea for Mrs. Wilson on Wednesday. Mrs. Perley Smith entertained her at a luncheon yesterday, and Mrs. Doolittle entertained her at bridge on Tuesday. Mrs. Aikins' luncheon on St. Valentine's day for Mrs. Wilson was a particularly pretty and enjoyable one.

Next Wednesday four weeks, March 21, quite a number of Torontonians will sail for Europe. The party will include Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Mrs. William Crowther, Mrs. Dugald McMurchy, Mrs. Walter S. Lee, who is going to meet her daughter, Mrs. Charles Selwyn and her babies, Mrs. Fred Harcourt, who is taking her daughter over to school in Dresden. Dr. and Mrs. Aikins will go to Spain, where, I believe, a medical convention is in prospect, and where already visions of bull-fights are materializing in honor of the expected medics. The travellers will spend more or less time abroad, Dr. and Mrs. Aikins will do the Mediterranean trip and not return before the end of June to Toronto.

Miss Lily Galt is taking a course of nursing in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. Miss Stewart Galt is enjoying a glorious winter in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Magann gave a charming bridge and tea on Wednesday afternoon at her home in Parkdale. The spacious new living-room with its square oak beams and quaint nooks and corners was used for the game, and tea was served from a dainty table in the dining-room. Some of the guests who were not familiar with the new Thorncliffe and its beauties, roamed about after the game, peering into baronial looking doors with huge keys, queer cupboards built into brick walls, and some mysterious sliding panels, quite medieval in style. Mrs. Magann received at the entrance to her pretty drawing-room, looking a picture in a cream lace and embroidered gown, her little daughter, in blue, and her fourth son in a dark Russian blouse, on either side, both much too interested and devoted to leave their pretty girlish-looking mother. The guests included Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Countess Ruffie, Madame De Diaz Albertini, Mrs. Weston Brock, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Mulock, Miss Moncrief, Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Miss Somerville of Atherly, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Arthur Hills, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Miss Barrow, Mrs. Polson, Miss Boulbee, Mrs. Bristol, Miss Lucy McLean Howard, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Miss Dora Rowand, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Francis, and a number of others. Miss Charlotte Langmuir and Miss Daisy Patteson were in charge of the tea-table.

Mrs. Cawthra of Yeaton Hall and Miss Rowand are in St. Catharines.

On Wednesday, January 31, at St. George's, Hanover square, London, the marriage of Miss Mary Elwood and Mr. Thomas Davidson of 21 Queen's road, Aberdeen, was

celebrated in the presence of a small party of relatives and intimate friends. Toronto friends will be interested in a few particulars, which I have to-day from Mrs. Elwood, who is, with her second daughter, Eilene, visiting Mrs. Davidson, Sr., at her home in Aberdeen. Miss Elwood's bridal gown was of heavy Duchess satin with Brussels point trimming both bodice and trained skirt. The only jewel worn was a diamond and sapphire pin, the bridegroom's gift. Miss Eilene Elwood was maid of honor, and Miss Ethel Davidson, the groom's sister, was bridesmaid, gowned alike in costumes of mauve *crepe de Paris* and satin bodices with long basque tails reaching to the bottom of the skirts. Their hats were of mauve velvet and gold and they carried huge showers of pink 'mums. The bridegroom presented each maid with a pearl bracelet. Mr. A. G. Cairns of Edinburgh was best man and Mr. Deronet of London gave away the bride. After the marriage Mrs. Elwood gave the breakfast at Prince's, a comfortable old-fashioned *dejeuner*, where seating was provided for all the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson left at four o'clock for their *lune de miel* at Eastbourne, the bride travelling in a prune-color Louis XVI. coat and skirt and black *chapeau* and sables. Among the many handsome gifts were a baby grand piano, a cabinet of silver and liberal cheques. The Davidson home, north of Aberdeen, has been beautifully done up and refurnished for the young couple, and they will make their home there immediately. Mrs. Elwood and her second daughter will return to Paris shortly, where the latter will continue her vocal instruction. I fancy that it may be some time before they return to Toronto, as Mrs. Elwood keenly felt the death of her mother, Mrs. Worthington, here, and the subsequent breaking up of her home.

On Wednesday Hon. George A. Cox gave a large luncheon for political and other notables in honor of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, in his speech, paid high tribute to the kindness and hospitality of Torontonians.

Mrs. Henry Totten, who is feeling the long strain of anxiety and nursing suffered during the prolonged illness of her late husband, is still at her house in Jamieson avenue, but intends to go for change of air shortly to her sister in Berlin. Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Totten's sister, and her niece are now with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Jones spent a day or two here, to visit Mrs. Jones' friend, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, en route for New York, whence they sail for Southern Europe. Many Torontonians will remember Mrs. Jones as Miss Colin Matheson, when she used to visit Mrs. Sullivan (then Miss Bessie Hees), of whose bridal party she was a much admired member.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton's Saturdays ended for the ante-Lenten season last week, a very large company enjoying the evening, which was brightened by the fun of a library guessing contest. Sundry weird and clever sketches by the master of the house being hung upon walls and draperies and the guests being required to discover the book to which each sketch gave the name. A good deal of mirth and a lot of decidedly clever guesses were the result. Light refreshments were served at eleven, and some pretty songs by Miss Brydges and Miss Lawson were part of the evening's pleasant things. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Miss Brydges went to New York early this week. Mrs. Hay is chataleine during their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher E. Bunting will entertain at dinner on Monday in honor of the Speaker and Mrs. St. John.

At a recent wedding there were some tears shed by the bride and her mother when the parting hour came. A bridesmaid sympathetically wiped away a trace of moisture from one eye. "What are you crying for?" queried a gallant usher, "it's not your wedding." "That's why I weep!" said the mischievous bridesmaid.

Mr. W. S. Heffernan of the branch of the Traders' Bank at Arthur, Ontario, has made himself very popular, and on his leaving on promotion recently, he was banqueted by leading citizens and presented with an address and a handsome suit case. The registrar, magistrate, mayor and manager of the Traders' Bank with leading professional men were among the guests at this significant event.

The opening of the thirty-fourth annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists took place last night, and the large company who responded to the invitations of the president, officers and members of the society found a number of interesting pictures on view. The portrait of Major Cockburn, V.C., for presentation to Upper Canada College, shows the talent of the young artist, Mr. Grant, whose work it is. Mr. Reid has some good things, Miss Hagarty's work is also much admired. Mr. Curtis Williamson has another strong portrait, this time an old man. The opening ceremony and evening occurred too late for notice this week.

The bold Argonauts, who are again out after this summer's golden fleece or its equivalent at Henley-on-Thames, gave their annual At Home at the King Edward last night, at nine o'clock. At time of writing things looked rosy, and the "pull-togethers" were anticipating a grand time.

Miss Etta F. Taylor is giving a young folks' reception at her home, 367 Sherbourne street, next Tuesday, from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock.

Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Forsyth gave a reception yesterday at 116 College street, from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock.

Mrs. W. H. Cawthra has gone with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, of The Oaks, to the Southern States. I believe they are in the Carolinas. Mr. Cawthra has not, as stated, gone out of town.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt's Mondays have been so popular that her friends are sorry next Monday will be the last this season. This week there was quite an exodus from the smart luncheon to call on Mrs. Nesbitt, whose delightfully cheery drawing-room was filled with a merry party until six o'clock.

A funny episode of a recent festivity occurred when the last "parting guest" came to find her trusty "gums" had been appropriated by an early bird, and only a pair which scarcely fitted her, left. However, 'twas a wet day, so she donned the rubbers and started off with a friend in a carriage to pay some visits. Relating her loss and scornfully exhibiting her substitutes, she was amazed to hear her friend exclaim, "Why, those are my rubbers! Have I got on yours?" But she had not, though an exchange of those she had for her own was made with much hilarity. I am now wondering if everyone got strange rubbers that day, and who has mine!

The gentle Grimalkins and Tabbies have for the past three days been recalling days of old Egypt and cat worship, in Broadway Hall, where the Royal Canadian Cat Club has been holding its second annual show. Mrs. Coatsworth did perhaps her first official duty of that sort in opening the show at four o'clock on Wednesday, and there was a brave array of exhibits, both in the feline and sartorial lines. Some of the cats on exhibition are valued as high as five hundred dollars, the champion white cat of America goes as high as a thousand! The Cat Club was formed for the purpose of increasing the interest in cats, and encouraging the breeding of Persians and Angoras. Judging from this week's show, it is surely accomplishing its mission.



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GOODALL'S DRAW-BRIDGE.

Have you met with the interesting invention which permits of two persons playing four-handed games, such as Bridge, Whist, etc., with all the interest and finesse which have hitherto been inseparable from the ordinary games? The result is obtained by each player using the simple, novel and easily worked Automatic Partner, illustrated in the following drawing:



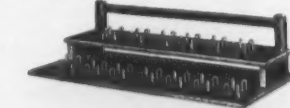
A "Dummy" in "Draw-Bridge."

The cards held by the "Dummies" can be seen by their respective partners, but not by their opponents.

In the Whist Game there is no variation from the ordinary game, except that each of the pair of players is his own partner. This also applies in Bridge, but in Bridge the calls are made in much the same manner as they are in Two-handed or Dummy Bridge.

First-class Bridge and Whist players in Toronto have been greatly struck with the possibilities of the game, and not a few have declared their emphatic opinion that the invention opens a new era in card games for two persons.

The games are entirely dissimilar from all double and single dummy games. The play of the cards is open to even more variation than in the case of the four-handed games; deceptive leads, false discards and skilful finesses can be used with success by clever players. A trial of the games will prove the truth of these statements.



The "Dummy" for "Draw-Bridge" without cards.

A. O. Hurst, 24 Scott street, Toronto, is general agent for Chas. Goodall & Son, Limited, of London and Birmingham, sole manufacturers of this Draw-Bridge invention. Mr. Hurst has a great display of specialties in card game cabinets, and all

that appeals to those who desire the finest and latest.
Ask your local dealer about Goodall's Draw-Bridge.

Score Pads, Tally Cards.

The Progressive Bridge Score Card is a very popular thing for Card Parties, they have a very pretty design on the front, and are ruled up to a certain number of tables, with a space for the owner of the Card to show each partner they have played with at the different tables; these cards can be had for almost any game.

Another quaint idea is little badges, of which there are two each, of a kind, with ribbon and fancy pin; they are divided between the ladies and gentlemen, thus giving a great opportunity for people to get acquainted with each other before the game starts, in the search for partners, as the gentleman has to look around and find the lady that wears the little badge to match his.

The Goodall people publish a beautiful range of Fancy Back Playing Cards, amongst which are sixteen different Clan Tartans, and about forty other Fancy Backs; the latest production is the "Linette" Playing Card, which is an admirable idea, no mis-deals, and has the slip and feel which other Cards do not have.

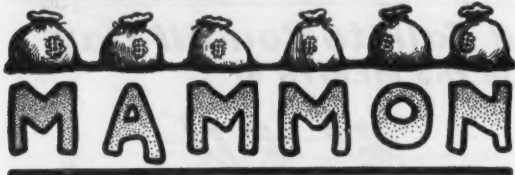
Wanted His Own.

Little Tommy Briggs, heir to a suburban estate, recently celebrated his seventh birthday, and had many presents dear to the heart of youth. Among them was an air-gun which shoots killing darts at twenty paces. Tommy, with an improvised helmet, sallied forth into the back garden on the "long trail," looking for "tigers." He soon espied the next-door cat disporting himself. He decided that that would do to practise on, and he fired. The tiger uttered an unearthly screech, as the dart struck, and, with a mighty bound, he was over the wall like a flash.

Tommy trotted around to the next door, and rang the bell. The lady appeared, and asked what her little friend wanted.

"Please, may I have my dart?" said he.

"I haven't got your dart, my little man."
"No, mum," whimpered Tommy, "but your cat has."—Answers.



Montreal, Feb. 23. Much interest has naturally centered in the annual report of the Dominion Coal Company, for with its capitalization of upward of \$23,000,000 in stocks and bonds it ranks high as a Canadian industrial. Those who have studied the statement carefully are of the opinion that it is an extremely conservative document, and excellent withal, in spite of the decrease in net earnings, as compared with 1904. This, of course, is due to the increased coal requirements of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, for it must be remembered that the old unremunerative contract is still in force. The actual cash surplus on hand and available is \$1,023,000, and this looks like a resumption of dividends, though nothing of this kind is at all likely to happen until James Ross, the president, returns to Canada in the spring.

The banking business is still looking up. The Sovereign will add two millions to its capital, the entire block of shares having been purchased at \$130 by a British banking house. Then comes the Royal with the announcement that they will issue an additional million, put on a new director and move their headquarters to this city. The eighth and last director of the Royal is Mr. F. W. Thompson, vice-president and general manager of the Ogilvie Milling Company. Mr. Thompson's advancement in the business world has been nothing short of marvelous. Previous to the reorganization of the Ogilvie Milling Company Mr. Thompson was its western manager, with headquarters in Winnipeg. When Mr. Hosmer began gathering in and reorganizing that big industrial, he looked around for a practical man to put at its head and picked up Mr. Thompson. The latter gentleman, for his work in the reorganization, received, it is believed, a handsome slice of the profits, so that almost in a day he became not only prominent in the business world, but wealthy as well.

Another man whose early work took him to the West and who since has gained greatly in influence and public estimation is F. H. Mathewson, Montreal manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and president of the Montreal Board of Trade. It is only a few years since Mr. Mathewson came to Montreal from Winnipeg almost unknown outside of his immediate banking circle. Unlike most bankers he began to take an interest in general business affairs as voiced by the Board of Trade, and this year was its unanimous choice for president. This is the first time in the Board's life of half a century or more that a banker has become its chief executive officer. Another million dollar joint stock company has come to the front in the reorganization of the James McCready Company, Limited. This firm, which is presided over by ex-Alderman C. F. Smith, has merged the Arthur Congdon Company of Winnipeg, and besides has made an arrangement to dispose of the wares of the Canadian Rubber Company in various portions of the Dominion. The company contemplates extending extensively into Ontario and the Maritime Provinces as well as into the Far West.

The list of Montreal's big financiers who have gone or are going to Europe grows steadily. Sir William Van Horne is now making another trip to England, to be gone for a few weeks, while Hon. L. J. Forget, president of the Montreal Street Railway, is also to be found in the Old Country for the next few weeks. Edson L. Pease, general manager of the Royal Bank, contemplates taking a holiday in the same direction. It would surprise no one, if, stirred with the success of the Sovereign in securing a good price for its bank shares abroad, the manager of the Royal did a business turn of the same character. Trade expansion in Canada requires more money and English capitalists are just beginning to find out that banking investments in the Dominion are among the safest and most remunerative.

The officials of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company are a sore lot over the verdict of the Privy Council in the Robert case, by which the Power Company will have to pay up over \$300,000. An official told your correspondent recently that this water power, for which they will pay so dearly, was not, at the outside, worth over \$5,000. He stated that, as a matter of fact, there is no water power at all. The property, a small strip of land jutting out into the St. Lawrence miles above the city, carries with it no water power rights at all, and as a matter of fact is hardly worth a red cent. Just who benefitted by this deal, and how it was managed may be the reasons for a future investigation on the part of the stockholders.

According to the executive officers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company there can be little doubt but that a resumption of dividends will be made the coming summer. The year 1905 proved with them the best in the history of the company. Not only were the net earnings larger than ever before, but the proportion of the gross consumed in operating expenses was less than in any previous twelve months. The present surplus of \$254,000 puts the company nicely on its feet, and should, after the present season, make it unnecessary to borrow money in any large quantities from the banks, which has always been the case in former years. The present bank loan of \$127,000 is accounted for by the

extraordinary work which is being done at the shops at Sorel. Within the next few months the company will be in a position to issue a million dollars' worth of bonds. The proceeds will be devoted to the new steamers now under way or being planned. For years R. and O. has been a sort of a yellow dog on the Stock Exchange, but it would appear now to be fairly out of the woods.

Toronto, Feb. 22. The domestic markets for securities seem to have settled down again. The transactions have fallen off considerably as far as the Toronto Stock Exchange is concerned, and the vision of the traders apparently has become befogged. To say the least, there is no snap about the security market, and reactions are more frequent than they were. Confidence has no doubt been shaken to some extent by the action of the Wall Street market, which is considerably lower than ten days ago. The earnings of the different properties go on increasing, and there is nothing in the outlook to cause anxiety. Stocks are in the hands of strong people, and the chances are that they will sell higher. Reactions at times are to be expected. It is in this way that a better footing is established. The time to buy is when these periods of depression are on.

The late upward movement, however, did not attract the general public, and some little discouragement is felt, no doubt, by those who bought at the top prices. There was some selling of the coal and steel issues on the annual reports of the companies for 1905. The reports, however, were not disappointing to large holders, as the selling was chiefly by small traders. The present condition of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and that of the Dominion Coal Company is much better than a year ago, and prospects are for a more satisfactory trade in 1906 than heretofore. The same may be said of the Nova Scotia Steel Company's prospects. Rumors of decreased earnings of this company have been afloat, but when the annual report is issued, about the 1st of March, the late sellers of the stock may be surprised.

Navigation is likely to open early this year, and considerable preparations are being made for a busy season by the steamboat and vessel owners. In not a few instances new boats will be put into commission, and the possibilities for an exceptionally good year are very bright. The Northern Navigation Company has concluded a traffic arrangement with the Canadian Northern Railway Company, which ensures large benefits to each. The Niagara Navigation Company and the Richelieu and Ontario Company also expect a heavy season. The stocks of these companies are not high, and there is reason to believe that they are to be put higher.

The Toronto Railway Company has practically come to a settlement with the city, and as a result the railway company will construct considerable new mileage in the spring. It is believed that the company will issue a million dollars of new stock at par, and of this amount \$400,000 will be expended this year. It is probable, therefore, that shareholders will be called upon to pay up only 40 per cent. of the proposed issue in 10 per cent. instalments. The stock of the company has been unusually dull this week, with prices about two points lower than the recent high price.

One of the strongest railway stocks on the list is Canadian Pacific. The earnings of this company continue to show heavy increases over 1905, and they are fully greater than anticipated. While railway issues generally have suffered severely on Wall Street recently, with many stocks selling at the lowest prices in the year, the range in C. P. R. has only been 2 per cent. The stock has the best kind of support. Then it must be remembered that this stock has many markets, which at times has its advantages and disadvantages. C. P. R. is listed in London, Berlin, Paris, New York, Montreal and Toronto, and has more markets probably than any other security of prominence. Grand Trunk stocks have risen in London lately, the dividend on the third preference stock imparting a good deal of confidence among investors. Within two weeks the third preference stock has sold at 61 7-8 to 66 3-8, and the common is up to 28. The talk in London is that the next dividend on the third preference will be 3 per cent.

Mackay common continues to be the active security on 'Change. During the week there has been a slight decline in prices. This was due to profit-taking, partly in sympathy with the weakness in other securities. Another reason for the selling was due to the publication of the annual report, in which it was stated that the increased reserves of the companies should go to improvement and extension of the properties. This seems to have exploded the idea commonly current that the increased profits would go to shareholders in the shape of increased dividends.

The New York stock market has been affected by the uncertainty of the money situation. The stringency is due to the very unusual demands made upon the money market by the enormous issues of new bonds and stock. Since the first of the year about \$400,000,000 of new issues have been announced as coming on the market now or in the early future. At the same time the bank reserves at New York are lower than for twenty years at this time, and that at a time when they ought to be strengthening to meet the demands incidental to April 1st. The Bank of England reserve is also lower than usual at this season of the year. A London banker in summing up the situation there says: "Only two features seem to be wanting to make the prospects of business extremely encouraging; one is a more assured outlook politically on the Continent, and the other, larger supplies of gold and a stronger reserve at the Bank of England."

The weakness of the sterling exchange market at New York is indicative of a favorable balance of trade for the United States, and the hope is expressed by many that this will shortly lead to the imports of gold. In this way, the monetary stringency may be allayed. In addition to the large exports of corn and cotton and other produce, which go to Britain, the London people are said to be buyers of American securities. To these large exports is due the lower rates for sterling exchange.

The dealers in wheat were somewhat disappointed this week by the weakness of this cereal. Prices in Chicago were the lowest in two years. Of late values were a little out of line from an export standpoint, the Argentine taking the British market away from the Americans. The shipments of new wheat from the Argentine this season have been much larger than expected, while a much larger proportion of the exports from America have consisted of Manitoba grades. The decrease in the visible supply of wheat in the United States has not been as large as usual, and the total supply is at present ten millions of bushels more than last year. As compared with a year ago the price of May wheat in Chicago is 37 a bushel lower to-day. The gossip is that the Wall Street coterie who went into wheat some time ago to put prices up, have met with their Waterloo, and sustained a large loss. Those traders who have been holding wheat for the rise have become thoroughly tired and disgusted, and many have thrown over their holdings to stop further loss. This has naturally been a source of encouragement for the bear element, who have become sufficiently bold to pound the market rather aggressively.

Society at the Capital.

Although it had gathered its forces for a final plunge before the penitential season is ushered in, Ottawa society has been outdoing its efforts in the last week, a résumé of the bright events during that time being three balls, a wedding and a more than usually large number of smaller affairs, including dinners, luncheons, a few teas and several very jolly bridge-parties.

Monday began the gay proceedings with a ball at the Racquet Court, when Mrs. Warren Soper made Miss Frankie Geddes, the bride of Wednesday, the "bright particular star" of her efforts, which were successful in the extreme. A more perfect or more thoroughly enjoyed dance has not occurred for some time, everything possible having been done for the comfort and entertainment of the guests, even to the changing of the unbecoming auster lights, which have heretofore done service in the Racquet Court, to hundreds of pretty, soft electric lights in the chandeliers and on the walls, which, combined with an exceedingly lavish abundance of flowers, transformed the hall into a perfect fairy scene. Yards and yards of smilax, twined about ropes of colored electric lights, and hundreds of brilliant crimson carnations, abounding in every quarter, produced a most pleasing and artistic effect. Most of the guests, who numbered about two hundred, were the younger members of the gay world, and as the sterner sex were decidedly in the majority, wall-flowers were an "unknown quantity." Individual programmes were resumed for the first time in many years, the fashion having been for some time abandoned in Ottawa, and this had the happy effect of inducing all the dancers to be punctual, another vast improvement on former events of the kind. Mrs. Soper was handsomely gowned in white duchesse satin, brocaded in rosebuds of pink, and trimmed with Limerick lace, and the "guest particulaire" of the evening, Miss Geddes, wore a very becoming black net dress, spangled with glittering sequins, and carried most magnificent crimson roses. Besides the large contingent of guests from the Capital itself, a great many out-of-town visitors were present, all of whom are at present staying with various hostesses in Ottawa for the pre-Lenten gayeties. They were Miss Eileen Hingston of Montreal, Miss Hickman of Newcastle, Miss Katie Grant of Perth, Miss Daisy Watson of Hamilton, Miss Featherstonhaugh of Montreal, Miss Olinstead of Boston, Mrs. Lally McCarthy of Toronto, Miss Fortin of Winnipeg, Miss Madge Robertson of St. John, N.B., Miss Slack of Boston, Miss Harriet Smythe of Brooklyn, Conn., Mr. Hillsdon Willoughby of Philadelphia and Mr. Dan McLachlan of Annapolis. The arrangement of the supper table was very much admired, having a huge bowl of American Beauty roses in the center, with numbers of smaller ones placed along the entire length of the tables on both sides.

All the electric decorations were kindly allowed by Mr. Soper to remain in place for Wednesday evening, when the annual ball in aid of St. Luke's Hospital came off in the Racquet Court. It was, like its immediate predecessor, a complete success in the matter of enjoyment, though not as largely attended as in former years, owing no doubt to the fact that, coming in between two other festivities of the same sort, many reserved themselves for that which took place in the latter part of the week. Being St. Valentine's Day, it was thought by the committee appropriate to make it a fancy-dress affair, but this was left to the "taste and fancy" of the guests themselves, only a small number of whom, however, took to the idea, and not more than a dozen or so adopted the costume of another period or country, while a great many of the fair sex wore powder and patches, the gentlemen, on the whole, preferring to adhere to their usual method of evening dress. The lady patronesses, who received the guests, were Lady Davies, Mrs. John Gilmore, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Robert W. Powell and Mrs. John G. Foster. The supper (a home-made one), the floor and the music were all that could possibly be wished for, and everyone went home thoroughly satisfied with their evening's enjoyment.

Last, but by no means least, came the ball on Friday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Booth had spent the evening in the most charming manner, the preparation for this function, which, like their two forerunners, came off in the ever-popular Racquet Club, which could not be improved upon in the matter of a floor for dancing; indeed, it is improbable that it could be surpassed by another in Canada. Four hundred guests were included in the invitations, and, judging by appearances, all must have accepted, the result being that, just at first, dancing was a little difficult and slightly uncomfortable, but by degrees the older married people gave way to the younger set and the "light fantastic" was entered into with a spirit and abandon more than usually noticeable, the music of the Guards' Band being particularly well chosen and inspiring, and each dance was vociferously encored. Pretty programmes were provided, decorated with the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes combined, the latter out of compliment to Mrs. Booth's "American" guests, Miss Beatrice Slack of Boston, Miss Ethel Wood of Hartford, Conn., and Miss Harriet Smythe of Brooklyn, who came to Ottawa especially for this bright event. Mr. J. R. Booth, father-in-law of the hostess, was present, and took a great interest in the brilliant scene, also receiving the guests with Mr. and Mrs. Booth. The hostess wore a beautiful gown of point d'Alencon lace over cream silk, and carried a lovely bouquet of violets; Miss Smythe was gowned in white point d'esprit, Miss Wood's gown was white over pink chiffon, trimmed with lace, with a girdle of silver, and Miss Slack was in white

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outdoor party at Government House on Saturday, but on Saturday next the last one of these jolly gatherings for this season will take place. THE CHAPERONE. Ottawa, February 19th, 1906.

Count Witte. W. T. Stead, thus describes his reception by Count Witte: "Imagine a tall, stalwart man, with a broken nose, cowering or crouching in his chair, receiving his visitors rather as a badger receives the visits of dogs in his barrel, and you have Count Witte, now Sergius the First, prime minister of Russia. I was hardly prepared for the extraordinary ill grace with which he conducted the conversation."

Suspicious of the English. In England, if one human being is too amiable and too agreeable, every one suspects him of some ulterior motive. When I first came to this country to live I was always gracious to my servants until I suspected they thought I was trying to get into society through them.—Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, in "The Tatler."

A Last Request. "Will you grant me one last favor before I go?" asked the rejected suitor. "Yes, George, I will," she said, dropping her eyelashes and getting her lips into shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, please. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want you to scare him away."—"Tit-Bits."

It is rumored that a rival to the "Westminster Gazette" is about to be started entitled the "Exminister Gazette." It will be edited by Mr. Balfour and sub-edited by Mr. Lyttelton; while among the contributors will be Mr. Brodick and Lord Stanley. It will be printed on very green paper.—"Punch."

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Take the tablets twenty minutes before meals, and always drink half a tumblerful of cold water (not iced) with each tablet.

Then take two tablets every night for a week—and then one every night for a month.

Be careful about the diet—eat regularly—avoid veal, pork, dark meat fowls, and never drink milk with meals.

Bathe frequently—dress warmly—exercise sensibly—take "Fruit-a-tives" faithfully—and see how much better you are at the end of the month.

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Miss Ascum—Do you really think it's possible to find out who your husband will be by consulting a fortune-teller?

Miss Mainchance—I don't know, but I recently found out who my husband wouldn't be by consulting one.

Miss Ascum—Really? Who was the fortune-teller?

Miss Mainchance—Bradstreet—Philadelphia "Press."



SPORTING COMMENT

THE hockey of the last week was very soothing to the wounded feelings of several of the local teams which have met with reverses this year. The Marlboroughs wound up their season by defeating Barrie, and clearly showed that with a first-class defence they would have been formidable factors in the championship race. The excellent showing the St. Georges made against Stratford could not help but be gratifying to the supporters of that once famous club. In fact it looks as if the Saints, with the team they had two years ago, would have had no trouble this year in cleaning up Group No. 2, Berlin and all. Undoubtedly the local teams were handicapped considerably by lack of ice at the beginning of the season. On the form which they displayed when ice conditions became more stable there is little reason for the lament which was raised on all sides a month ago that our hockey players are deteriorating in quality. This season's results have only proved, what is almost too obvious to require proof, that condition and practice are indispensable to a team's success. The good showing of the Argonauts, is beyond question due to the indefatigable way they have kept themselves in training by gymnasium work when ice was unavailable. The teams which omitted to take this precaution suffered for it, but in many cases could not understand why their skill had departed from them.

This question of practice and condition is a vital one in all athletics, both as regards success in competition and the physical benefits of sport. It is a common human error to suppose that success can be had without preparation. There are certain natural physical gifts adapted to various kinds of sports, but these are brought to their fullest development only by systematic repetition of muscle movements. The greatest athletes have been those who trained most persistently, and with most system and regularity. It is the patient, reasonable search for results by continued efforts that makes any sport a science, something more than a mere animal exercise. The physical benefits of a game come more from the training and preparation than from the contest itself. A sport which demands the excitement of a life and death struggle, to make it palatable to the participants, and which, in the initial stages of training and practice is devoid of interest, however fine a spectacle it may afford, has no charm as a pastime. This perhaps will explain why golf and tennis and such like sports have such an amazing number of devotees in England and the States, if not in Canada. It is not because of their lack of strenuousness. That is an easy but incorrect way of explaining their popularity, and would only recommend them to the feeble, the indolent or the overcompulsory. The real reason is that keenness of competition never destroys their healthfulness or lessens their value as a recreation.

The vogue which hockey has obtained among the large universities across the line is remarkable when one considers the difficulties of introducing a new game in unfavorable surroundings. The American Intercollegiate Hockey Association was formed six years ago, and since then hockey has rapidly taken its place as the winter sport par excellence for the American college students. Yale and Harvard, which are the leading student clubs, promise to lavish on hockey that wealth of enthusiasm they formerly poured out upon football. At the final Yale-Harvard game last Saturday evening one of the 3,500 tickets was sold and there is now talk of building large artificial rinks upon the Harvard and Yale campuses. American college hockey has been free from the professionalism, slugging and other brutalities that put the brand of shame on their football. To all appearances the American students have adopted nothing but the good points in the Canadian game. They have had the wisdom to reject certain objectionable features which we, however, are foolish enough to think essential to hockey. The trials of a baseball official cannot begin to compare with those of a hockey referee. There is something disgracefully unsportsmanlike in the way in which most hockey crowds receive a referee's decisions. In nine out of ten reports of games there goes up an agonizing wail about "the rotten referee." It is very seldom that actual physical violence is shown, but vituperation and abuse are just as disgraceful. No one can object to reasonable criticism, that is the only way to secure competent officials, but too often the referee, whatever his excellences may be, is subjected to vindictive and unjust censure.

The authorities at McGill are endeavoring to revise the rules of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association so as to make intercollegiate sport, beyond all possibility of evasion, amateur. There has been no instance in Canadian colleges of students receiving, on account of athletic ability, remission of fees, free board or special perquisites of a pecuniary nature. These bits are possible only at mammoth institutions like Yale or Chicago. There have, however, been many students who were students only in name, and attended college solely to participate in sport. Such men cannot be called professionals, as they receive no money for their services, but, from a strictly academic point of view, they are not amateurs, they

have not discharged those scholastic obligations the performing of which alone entitles them to take part in college athletics. It is this sort of man—and he is more common than most people think—that the McGill faculty wish to bring to time. Many athletes whose soundness of body is unquestioned will now have to take many a course of reading and study to bring their fragile mentality to a more robust and healthy state. The sincere course in architecture, or sculpture or English literature will now be a thing of the past, and crack backs and stout scrimmagers will have to struggle with their wits in the class-room, as well as with their bodies on the campus. The McGill people are on the right tack when everything is considered.

Curlers in this province have become so accustomed to the success of Mr. J. D. Flavell of Lindsay that his recent exploit of winning the Alfred Dodge International Cup at Winnipeg occasions little surprise. This is the third time Mr. Flavell has carried off this laurel from the envious West, and the number of his triumphs, both in Manitoba and Ontario, is legion. The numerous bonspiels which are held yearly in Canada, however, demonstrate the popularity of the game, as well as the prowess of individual curlers. If it be an old man's game, as discontented critics assert, then there are thousands of old men in this country who are hale and vigorous enough to curl and sweep and cheer for hours together until the last end is played and the game won. Certainly curling is not the least, and perhaps as its habitués declare with oaths and protestations, the most enjoyable of winter games. No one can have anything but praise for a pastime in which so much pleasurable recreation, excitement and good fellowship abound.

Some Local Golfers I Have Met.

"YOU are all right," said one of my friends in the dressing-room. "I see you are drawn against Smithers. I've played him, and I know you'll trim him." "What sort of game does he put up?" I asked. "He's a slogger. He soaks the ball about a mile—drives about as far as George Lyon. He does really." "I'd heard of such men before." "Does he hit it anywhere in the desired direction, or does he drive for Jericho and slice to Joppa?" "No," said my friend, "he lines them out pretty straight."

"Would you mind telling me where I'm supposed to come in, if that's the case?" "He'll miss a drive—he'll top it and he'll get so hot about it that he'll go up in the air. He'd rather drive well than win his game. You'll beat him five up at least."

What's the use of having friends if they don't give you that kind of cheerful talk as you start for the first tee to play a match? "Wait," I said to him. "How's his short game?" "Rotten," said my friend, and I reflected that this would be my fifth successive win in club matches. It was about time to move me up a peg in the playing team. Without doubt Smithers could hit the ball. It was a bluff rather than a good golf stroke, but he made two hundred yards or better nearly every time. His short play wasn't so bad. He had topped a drive when we reached the fifth tee, and he was two up on me. I was waiting for him to top one, or for his short play to go bad. My friend had given me the game at the club-house, and it belonged to me. But Smithers went right on poking out two-hundred-yard drives and making iron shots like a professional. He sliced one ball, but it hit a tree and bounded on the course straight for the flag as if it were a homing pigeon. Once he sent a low one into the creek, but with a light splash it slipped across and lay on the green. He couldn't miss or lose anything. In waiting for him to go up in the air I over-stayed. He was five up and six to go when I recovered consciousness. The best I could do was to halve that one. He

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The Pres. of the W.C.T.U. in a young giant state in the Northwest says: "I did not realize that I was a slave to coffee till I left drinking it. For three or four years I was obliged to take a nerve tonic every day. Now I am free, thanks to Postum Food Coffee."

"After finding out what coffee will do to its victims, I could hardly stand to have my husband drink it; but he was not willing to quit. I studied for months to find a way to induce him to leave it off. Finally I told him I would make no more coffee."

"I got Postum-Food Coffee, and made it strong—boiled it the required time, and had him read the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' that comes in every package."

"To-day Postum has no stronger advocate than my husband! He tells our friends how to make it, and that he got through the winter without a spell of the grip and has not had a headache for months—he used to be subject to frequent nervous headaches."

"The stronger you drink Postum the more food you get; the stronger you drink coffee the more poison you get." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

was dormie five. Then I took one of those streaks that a man sometimes gets on when it's too late, and won the next four holes in a stroke less than bogey. We halved the home hole, and he got the game one up.

There was no comfort for me in the game except in that streak I had got on. In the dressing-room, however, I heard Smithers talking to his friends. "I played the best game of my life until I stood dormie five. Then I went to pieces and he got a present of the next four holes. But I pulled myself together again on the home hole. I tell you, though, he plays a pretty stiff game." The man who trims me generally goes around saying that.

LOFTER.

True Sportmanship in Field Sports

IT is a matter for regret that the devotees of one or two games should be able to claim, and with reason, that they hold a corner in gentlemanliness in the world of field sports. Honor and true sportmanship enter as large factors into such games as golf, lawn tennis, bowling, etc., but lacrosse and baseball, the games that attract thousands of people and arouse the interest of entire communities, seem to be played more and more in the anything-to-win spirit. Even the development of college football in Canada, the worst feature of which is its roughness, must be closely watched or it may deteriorate into a game such as is played in the United States, in which practically professional teams literally pound each other to death—an Indian game which is a popular subject for jest on the vaudeville stage.

I remember, when I was quite a youngster, going with my father to witness a big cricket match at Rose-dale. It was an international game, and there was a large crowd in attendance. At lunch-time we went to get something to eat at a tent in which tea and coffee, sandwiches and other light refreshments were on sale. The man in charge was selling these edibles on the restaurant plan—a sandwich so much, a cup of tea so much, etc. He did not make any effort to keep track of what we ate, however, but told us to help ourselves, taking for granted that we would all pay him for what we had had. I didn't think anything of the incident at the time. I was an unsophisticated boy, imbued with "St. Nicholas" ideas of sport. I fancied that all great field games were played in the spirit of victory-only-through-honor, and that the supporters of the teams engaged looked on in the same spirit, applauding good play indiscriminately and enjoying the sport for sport's sake.

Since then I have observed the characteristics of sausage-eating, wildly-rooting mobs at ball games in the United States, and I have mingled with crowds at lacrosse games in Canada and seen referee assisted forcing conscientious decisions. And often, you may be sure, I have recalled the day long ago at the cricket match, when everybody took what he wanted at an open tent and paid for it, and where no policemen were required to preserve order. Of course, a real sport would tell you that cricket is such a dull, old, ladylike game that those who attend naturally fall asleep instead of being carried away by excitement as people are at a lacrosse or baseball game.

This may not be the time to talk about this somewhat threadbare subject, but perhaps a plea for sportsmanlike sport is more likely to be listened to now than it is in the season of conflict. At any rate promoters of field sports would be acting wisely to do some thinking along this line at all seasons.

JAKE.

The Origin of Cricket.

Cricket, the national game of England, extends so far back into antiquity that the date of its origin remains veiled in obscurity. It is interesting, however, to note that the very earliest mention of it occurs in connection with the evidence of certain scholars from the free school of Guildford in the fortieth year of Elizabeth. There was a long continued lawsuit in Guildford with regard to the withholding of a certain garden-plot near the town-ditch, which was claimed as part of the waste land of the town, and had been withheld for forty years from the use of the inhabitants. In 1597 John Derrick, one of the Queen's coroners for Surrey, aged 59, gave evidence that he had known the land for fifty years or more. He stated that it lay waste and was used by the inhabitants for saw-pits, and declared that when he was a scholar in the free school of Guildford he and several of his fellows "did runne and play there at crickets and other plaies." This was entered in the town-books.



Extract from Letter—That little Mr. Smith must be very strong. He would not let go, and hung on most heroically, while I ran for my life with Fido!—"Punch."

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and is the earliest reference to the game extant. It proves that cricket was played at least as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century.

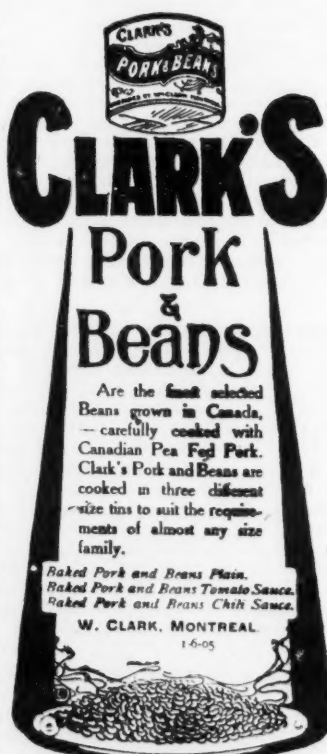
A Question of Golf.

It has long been a moot point whether golf had its origin in the low countries or in Scotland. The Dutch have pictorial evidence in their favor, but Scotland can produce documentary proofs that date from 1457, when a stern parliament decreed that "the futeball and golf be utterly cryit dune." There are extant Dutch paintings, dated 1691, of golfers in quaint costumes, carrying clubs and balls. The club is essentially the prototype of the modern vane, and the ball is obviously the sewn ball stuffed with feathers that was used in Scotland till the invention, a few decades ago, of the gutta-percha kind. It is interesting to note that in 1618 King James VI. placed a prohibitive tariff on the import of these feather balls. A writer of the period complains that "no small quantitie of gold and silver is transported yearly out of his Hienes' kingdom of Scotland for buying of golf ballis." A poem of the time mentions the use in Holland of the feather ball and the "Schotse klik," or Scottish cleft. These facts are not pertinent enough to wrest from the Scotch the much-prized distinction of being the inventors of golf, but they go to prove that golf in some form, with or without vocabulary, possessed a vogue in seventeenth century Holland.

One Cause; two Effects.

The effect of the "wine that is red" varies much according to the constitution and temperament of the person who may indulge. Two friends who had dined well made a call on a woman friend. The generous and ruby wine induced a spirit of loquacity in one and taciturnity in the other. The loquacious one talked fluently to the point of volubility to his hostess during the evening, until the time for taking leave, when he rose gracefully and thanked his hostess for a most delightful evening.

His friend, the taciturn one, had sat during the evening, swaying slightly and smiling a sickly smile of approval at his friend's conversation. Immediately in front of him was a tiger skin rug, the large head of which, with two glittering glass eyes, faced him and giveth their glassy gaze upon him with a hypnotic effect. Realizing that he must follow his friend's lead, he raised himself unsteadily, and extending his hand, said, "Good night, good night. Mrs. Blank; thanks very much for a most delightful evening." Then, stooping, he stroked the tiger's head, saying: "I must pet the dear old dog before I go"—New York "Press."



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Raked Pork and Beans Plain.
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Raked Pork and Beans Chit Sauce.

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The Courtship of Red Davis

By HAYS BLACKMAN

"RED" DAVIS—bad man—
notorious, hunted, har-
ried and finally captured,
threw himself against the
bars of the cell in the
jail at Ramsey and shook them with
all the strength of his strong, young
arms. Red Davis had just been
thrown into the cell and the fight that
he had put up before he finally suc-
cumbed to the greater number of his
captors had not left him. The con-
spicuous, to members of which be-
longed the honor of having effected
Red's capture, went away down the
street nursing sundry bruises. Red
was filled with hot anger to the mar-
row of his bones and cared not who
knew it. So he shook the doors of
his cell viciously, hoping that he
would shake them down, and so cause
more trouble. And, indeed, he
threatened to bring the jail down
around his ears, for the "county bas-
tile" was old and rickety.

In a lull of Red's mighty attack
upon the weak barrier between him-
self and freedom, a small voice spoke
from the darkness of the corridor.
"Oh, won't you please quit?" it im-
plored. "If you should get out, I
don't know what I should do. And
I'm so afraid you will shake the door
open. Please stop it." Somewhere
back of the words there was a
strangled sob, and Red paused half
curiously.

"Who's there?" he growled.
"Only me," the small voice made
answer. "Mr. Hensley ain't at home,
and I'm keeping jail."

"Who's me?" Red demanded.
"Just me—Capitola." From the
shadows a slight figure advanced and
stood trembling in the half light
where Red could see. Such a deli-
cate figure of a girl she was! He
peered out between the bars.

The girl had a sweet oval face, a pointed
chin and thin and sunken cheeks. A
misty lot of dark brown hair framed
the face and swung in two heavy
plaits to the girl's knees, guiltless
of ribbon or ornament. And from the
wistful pallor of the face looked eyes
that were long lashed, limpid and
clear, like pools of brown light.

The coarse blue calico frock that she wore
was turned in at the neck, and the
girl's slender throat rose like a milky
column from the dull blue of the
dress. The sleeves were rolled above
her elbows and Red saw that her
arms were beautiful and that there
was a deep dimple in either elbow.

And Red Davis, bad man, felt a sud-
den, unaccountable desire to press his
lips to the dimples. He recollected
his rôle of bad man in a second after
the desire had presented itself. "Well,
what?" he growled again, forcing his
brow to a ferocious scowl.

The girl came nearer. "Please
don't shake the door down," she said.
"If you should get out, you know,
Mr. Hensley would say that I was to
blame. And he would whip me for it.
I'm tired of being whipped."

Red's scowl grew more malignant.
"Who whips you?" he demanded.
"Mr. Hensley," the girl answered,
as though it were a matter of course.
"He didn't while Mrs. Hensley was
alive, but since she died he beats me
all the time. And I'm getting too
old to be whipped."

"Are you lying to me?" said Red,
roughly. For answer the girl came
quite close to the door of the cell.
She slipped the neck of her blue
cotton gown a little lower, and against
the milky whiteness of her upper
breast Red saw a long and unhealed
bruise which merged into a gash at
the end—the brand of a whip wielded
by a brutal hand. "That is his mark,"
she said, simply.

Red caught his breath. Over him
surged a strange feeling. He was
dizzy and his head whirled. Red
had never experienced anything like
it. He had had little dealing with
women. He knew nothing of them.
He could fight with the best of men,
had been gambler and knight of the
road, and had killed his man, but
for all that, he was scarcely more
than a boy, and the passions of his
manhood were as yet unawakened.

It was past belief that the sight of
a slender slip of a girl and a glance
at her bared shoulder and dimpled
arm could thrill a man in this fashion.
"Ah!" he exclaimed, hoarsely, and
then, "Cover it up. What is Hen-
sley to you, Capitola?" His voice
lingered over the name and found it
sweet.

"Mrs. Hensley took me from the
orphans' home," Capitola answered.
"She was good to me, but since she
died he's starved and beaten and
worked me till I've been ready to
drop many a time. And if you break
that door down, I expect he will kill
me, for he left me to take care of the
jail while he is over in the edge of
Cinnamon County seeing after
some business. He will be home to-
night. Please be quiet till then, won't
you?"

"Ain't you got nobody to take care
of you?" Red asked. The girl shook
her head.

Red ripped out a mighty oath. All
his life he had cursed as naturally as
he breathed. Now he bit his tongue.
"I hadn't order cuss before a lady,"
he apologized, humbly. "Come here,"
he commanded the girl. She came,
wondering but obedient.

"Look at me," said Red Davis, bad
man. "Look at me good," he urged.
The girl looked as ordered. The
face that she saw was not the face
of the bad man as imagination con-
jures him. It was a freckled face,
with a tinge of humor and a hint of
grininess about the thin-lined mouth.

The blue eyes were honest enough
to have belonged to a respectable citi-
zen. And atop the freckles and the
smooth, lean cheeks was a thatch of
blond mane so nearly red that his
companions took the color for granted
and dubbed the wearer "Red," any-
way.

"Do I look like a bad man?" de-
manded Red.

"I don't know," the girl made an-

swer. "I never saw a bad man be-
fore."

"Well, I ain't one," said Red, posi-
tively. "I know they call me bad.
I've been mixed up in some card
games—well, I allow that. I'll cut
out the cards. I've been up against
the drink. Shucks! I don't care
nothing about it, and you women
don't hold to the drink. Here she
goes." He took from his pocket the
fask spared him in the recent fracas
and threw it upon the stone-flagged
floor of the cell, where the glass splin-
tered, and whence there presently
arose the fumes of bad liquor gone to
waste. "You hear 'em say I killed
a man. You know what for?" The
girl shook her head. "Well, I'll tell
you. I killed him because I caught
him beating a helpless little kid, a
little runt of a boy not big as you.
It was his kid and I reckon he had the
right to lick it, but he beat it with a
blacksnake whip, and he cut blood
every lick. It made me so mad, by
—"

Red hesitated, stammered and
substituted "by gosh" for the word
he had intended using, "that I went
after him. He drew his gun and I
drew mine, and there was a mixup and
I shot quickest. That's all. I've
done all that, but I'm square. I'll be
square with you. You let me break
these confounded bars down, and I'll
take you over to the preacher, and
we'll get married. Then we'll
make a sneak and begin over some
place where my reputation ain't ahead
of me. I don't know much about
dealing with women, but I'll be square
with you. A feller'd have to be all-
fired mean if he wasn't good to a
little mite of a thing like you. And
I like you. Will you?" Red's pro-
posal was vague, but his meaning
was evident.

"Oh, it wouldn't be honest," the
girl said. "Please don't ask me to
help you get away."

"You don't have to do any helping,"
Red answered, promptly. "Just say
the word and I can shove these old
doors down without half trying.
Think about it, honey." The unac-
customed endearment came faltering-
ly from Red's lips. Capitola stretched
her hand through the grating, and
laid it in Red's brown palm. She
was such a tiny little thing. A man
felt like cuddling her in his big arms
as he might a helpless kitten. "Just
think about it till to-night," Red said
comfortingly.

The afternoon waned till twilight,
and the twilight deepened into night,
but Capitola did not come. Red
tossed uneasily on the cot in his cell.
He dozed and dreamed that he held
Capitola's hand in his and that he
bent his lips to the dimple in her
elbow. He dreamed that the caress
made her cry, and was seized
with sudden compunction. Then
he awakened fitfully to the realization
that some one was, indeed, weeping
in the corridor. Eagerly the bad
man sprang to the door. "Capitola,"
he cried. "Honey!" And in the dark
a little hand again crept through the
bars seeking refuge in his palm again.

"Please break the bars," Capitola
whispered. The little hand was with-
drawn. It joined the other little
hand, sheltering Capitola's face. "I
can't bear it," she sobbed. "I can't
bear to think about you here in the
jail with the rats and spiders—and
—"

Her voice trailed into a sob. Red
bent to his task.

When he stepped into the corridor,
Capitola stood still, her hands cover-
ing her face, the tears trickling down
her cheeks and through her fingers.
Red Davis put up his hands and drew
the small fingers gently into his
clasp. And then, love teaching him
wisdom, he bent and kissed the little
palms and the wistful, tear-stained
face. "Now, you kiss me," he said,
"to seal the bargain." And Capitola,
after a long look into the freckled
face of the bad man, put both her
arms around his neck and laid her
lips on his in a kiss that thrilled Red
as he had thrilled when he saw the
bruise on her shoulder in the after-

noon. "I'll be square with you,
honey, so help me God," he promised
solemnly.

The minister whom they sought
said the words of the marriage ser-
vice over them, hurriedly. He had
been awakened from a sound slumber
to officiate, and by rights he should
have been in no happy frame of mind.
But he was a wise man and a just
one, that minister, and he knew Cap-
itola. Also he recognized a man when
he saw one, whether the world
branded him as good or bad, so he
shut his eyes to the fact that the
bridegroom was supposed to be in
jail and sent them away with his
blessing.

It was quite two years after that
night that the minister received an ill-
spelled letter. It was written from
another state, and after noting the
fact that the writer had a good farm
and was doing well, the epistle con-
cluded: "I've tried to do the square
thing by the little girl, as I prom-
ised you and her I would. We have
a baby boy. He takes after his mo-
ther. He says Daddy now."

The minister folded the letter with
a twinkle in his eye that got mixed
up with the hint of a tear.



Old Gentleman—How beautiful the trees look with their coating of white frost!

Keeper—It's as I've said many a time, sir. These 'ere white frosts
beat natur' holler. But folks only smile when I tell 'em so.—"Punch."

it. It is not of the fact, but of the
motive behind it that we are speak-
ing. You like to be called good.
You like your aunt to take you on
her knee and pat your hair and say
what a sweet little saint you are."

"You are always bad," said Agnes.
"I, on the other hand, do not want
Aunt Elizabeth to take me on her
knee. I dislike these liberties. I do
not want her to call me a saint. Open
praise only embarrasses me. I do
not even want to receive rewards;
they come so perilously near to being
of the nature of a bribe. It all goes
to show that it is the reputation for
goodness, and not the greater or less
love of goodness in itself, which is
important with us. It is a slight
matter, but I think you said that the
cook had made it vanilla because you
were a good little girl. I should have
preferred strawberry, but I would
rather eat the vanilla than undergo
the humiliation—I may say the degra-
dation—of having it made strawberry
because I was a good little boy. My
motives then are higher and purer
than your own; that they have less
beneficent results in practice is en-
tirely due to present sociological
conditions which I am unable to modify.
I observe that the ice pudding is just
coming out of the dining-room and I
am sorry to see that the pigs have
eaten nearly all of it. I will race
you for the rest."

He won easily; and the butler very
properly punished him for his greed-
iness by giving the whole of it to the
little girl—"Tatler."

His Version.

"If wishes were horses—" didati-
cally began Professor Twigg, the
village schoolmaster, in the midst of
a recent session of the Sit and Argue
Club. "If wishes were horses—" he
said, "I should have a horse."

"Just so!" raspingly interrupted the
Old Coder, who always had to have
his put-in. "But if wishes were auto-
mobiles, every confounded benzine-
wagon with a begoggled city monkey
a-driving it, that goes past my place
faster than an old-fashioned jog-trot,
would stop stock-still, as its hands
agonizedly over the pit of its stom-
ach, give an ear-splitting screech, and
blow up so high and thoroughly that
for miles around its fragments would
strew the sea, figuratively speaking!
That's what would happen if my
wishes had anything to do with auto-
mobiles, and don't you forget it!"—
"Tom Watson's Magazine."

Pat's Advice.

A few days ago Mr. O'Brien, a
land agent in the west of Ireland,
met a tenant, and having heard of
his marriage, saluted him with, "Well,
Pat, so you have taken to yourself a
wife." "Yis, yer honor," said Pat,
touching his hat. "I have." Mr.
O'Brien, looking comically at him,
said, "Well, here am I; I can get no
one to take me, and I feel very lonely
sometimes." Pat, looking confident-
ly, said, "I think I can put yer
honor in the way." "How, Pat?"
"Do as I did. Go where you are not
known."

He Spoke His Mind.

Two Irish farmers who had not
seen each other for a long time met
at a fair. They had a lot of things
to tell each other. "Sure, it's mar-
ried I am," said Murphy. "You don't
tell me so," said Moran. "Faix, yes,"
said Murphy, "and I've got a fine,
healthy bho; which the neighbors
say is the very picture of me." Moran
looked for a moment at Murphy, who
was not, to say the least, remarkable
for his good looks, and then said,
"Och, well, what's the harm so long
as the child's healthy?"—"Tatler."

Reporter—Uncle, to what do you
attribute your long life?

Oldest inhabitant—I don't know yit,
young feller. They's several of these
patent-medicine companies that's
dickerin' with me.—Chicago "Tri-
bune."

If you have good teeth preserve them
by using

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Also good for false teeth, as it disin-
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"I am always good," said Agnes.
"I know it," said the boy; "I know

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

By Barry Pain.

THERE was once a little boy
of eight who had a sister of
seven. She was much bet-
ter than he was; this not
infrequently happens. She
looked where she was going
and she attended to what she was do-
ing, and she listened to what was
said to her, and she kept her room
tidy. She enjoyed in consequence a
very high reputation. The boy, on
the other hand, although possessed of
an intellectual equipment somewhat
rare among boys of his age, had com-
mitted almost every known form of
crime except arson and company-prom-
oting.

Now it happened one night that
they sat on the stairs awaiting the
exit of the ice pudding from the din-
ing-room, this being a subject in
which they took much interest. The
boy stared straight in front of him.
He had thoughtful and melancholy
eyes. The girl, on the other hand,
had the primmest eyes in the world
and kept them cast down, unless it
became essential for her to look
where she was going.

"Agnes," said the boy—he called
her Agnes partly because it was her
name and partly because she looked
it—"I have been wondering how far
an individual can be held responsible
for his congenital mental diathesis.
The point may be illustrated from our
own cases. You have, or appear to
have—and I have a special reason for
making that distinction—an inclina-
tion towards that which is conven-
tionally assumed to be good. I, on
the other hand, have a similar in-
clination to that which is considered
bad. If we may accept Matthew Arn-
old's valuation of conduct you are
sociologically superior to me. At
the same time, with every desire to
be impartial, I must claim for my-
self the intellectual superiority. You
have not my capacity for abstract
thought. You are unable to express
yourself with the same precision, the
same attention to the most delicate
nuances. Ultimately it seems to me
possible that this intellectual superior-
ity may constitute a sociological su-
periority as well. May not the great
inventor, for instance, though him-
self of irregular life, confer more
benefit than a saint of limited abilities
on society in general?"

"You ought to be good," said Ag-
nes. "I am good. I wanted it to
be vanilla, and cook said it should be
vanilla, and all because I am good."

"I should have preferred strawberry
myself," said the boy. "However,
that has little to do with the matter
under discussion. I have already ex-
plained the possibility that my men-
tal superiority may lead to more good,
even of a moral kind, than your own
moral superiority. As I was being
spanked yesterday for some trivial
reason—so far as I remember some-
thing or other to do with my treat-
ment of the cat—the thought occurred
to me that I had as a matter of fact
a strong inclination towards good-
ness, checked in my case not only by
the physical pain which I was suffer-
ing at the moment but to my dislike
to the reputation of goodness. I do
not wish to judge you harshly, Ag-
nes, but unless I greatly misjudge
you it is rather the reputation for
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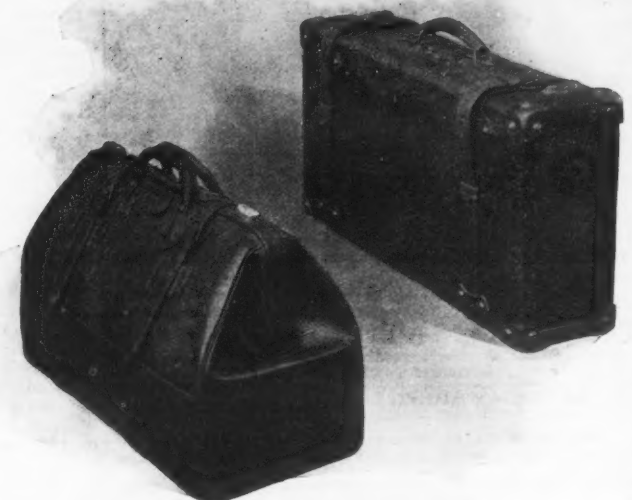
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deep club style and lined with russet brown or
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Points About People.

Sir Charles Tupper, fortunately for himself, has the sportsman quality of being a cheerful loser. In the summer of 1896, after the elections of June had proved so fatal to the old party of Sir John, a Reform friend met Sir Charles on his travels and asked him how he was enjoying the holidays. "Oh," said the statesman who had been the briefest Premier on record, "I have had a thorough outing."



While football has a vocabulary of its own, with which it is unwise for women to meddle, there are certain dangers awaiting the man who attempts to describe a gown or a dinner with technical accuracy. A Toronto man was recently telling a girl friend about one of the features at a certain banquet. "I've forgotten what you call it," he said, "but it's a lot of cream with dough around it in a paper pall." The girl reflected, then smiled in a superior way and replied: "I suppose you mean charlotte russe." And he did.

Two gentlemen entered a well-known Toronto restaurant the other day, and while taking their seats and consulting the menu were much annoyed by the bustling officiousness and pert familiarity of the lady in waiting. The first gentleman gave his order, but the second tossed the menu card aside and, eyeing the girl with a quizzical air, said, "Can I have something that is not on the bill of fare?" "Oh, anything you please," she replied, but unpleasantly. "Then please bring us another waitress," was the gentleman's answer. The look on the girl's face defies description, but she went off in a huff, and the desired change was soon forthcoming.

There was a funeral one day not long ago in Welland. A boy of six years had been called away from his companions and playthings. The undertaker, just prior to the funeral service, ranged six small boys beside the coffin, instructed them in their sad duties as pallbearers, placed the white gloves on their little hands and then filed them out into the yard behind the house to await his summons when the singing and prayers were over. One of the lads produced from his pocket a half-dozen small, red cylinders. "What 'y' got there, Bill?" asked the eight-year-old "brother of the corp." "Firecrackers," William responded. "Gimme one," commanded the mourning relative. Bill's stolid refusal brought on him a look of burning contempt and this scathing remark: "That's a deuce of a nice way to act after me gittin' 'y' on fer pallbearer."

Up at Osgoode Hall they tell a good story of the late Judge Draper, who was one of the most dignified members of the judiciary, but loved a joke none the less. He was once presiding over the Assizes in Toronto when a witness was called who was dressed very much like a Quaker. The clerk of the court, who was not aware that the man was a horse-trader, handed him the Bible in a hesitating way, and asked, "Do you swear or affirm, sir?" In a matter of fact tone the witness answered, "I don't care a damn which I do." Without a smile on his face the Judge leaned over to the clerk, with the simple remark, "The witness swears."

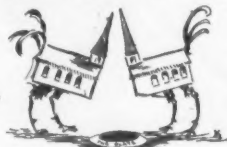
A small girl, whose mother has been forced to find fault with her for interfering in matters that do not concern the little maiden, had occasion to say last week: "Ethel, I wish you wouldn't be so meddlesome. People don't like meddlesome children." Her young daughter, who knows nothing about the great composers, said curiously: "Then I'd like to know why Daddie said at breakfast that the Meddlesome Choir is the best thing in Canada." Among other jokes being told about the concerts of last week is the story that one enthusiastic young man, quite guiltless of punning intentions, said of the conductor of the Pittsburgh Orchestra: "He's a dandy. More Power to him!"

In his college days Dr. Beattie Nesbitt was a rather husky chap. He is yet, but he was somewhat more active then. It is related that when he entered the historic halls of Toronto University as a freshman the students looked on him as a rather doubtful subject for the inevitable "hazing" operation, but they decided to make a try, and to lose no time. Accordingly they lay in wait in the corridor for the supposed victim. But the latter was aware of the plan of the "sops," and he had taken advantage of a few spare moments to tog himself out in his football armor. The Doctor was a bit of a scurriger in his young days, and when he burst through the door and sailed down the corridor there were doings. History re-

lates that three stout young men were badly crushed. There was no further attempt to haze the Doctor.

Rev. M. J. Jeffcott is one of the best-known and keenest-witted members of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ontario. Up in his parish in Adjala, Simcoe County, a few days after Christmas, Father Jeffcott met a member of his flock, a prosperous farmer who would naturally be expected to contribute generously to the Christmas collection, which forms a very important part of the yearly revenue of the clergy. "Father," said the farmer, "I was not out on Christmas day," and thereupon handed the priest a dollar. Father Jeffcott glanced at the paltry contribution quizzically. "Well," he replied quickly, "You are not out much yet."

Ewo churches down near Cobourg once went to the courts with a dispute. Judge Armour was on the bench and a jury was empanelled. The late B. B. Osler, K.C., appeared for one of the parties. "It's unfortunate," said the Judge, "that good people cannot settle their disputes without coming to the courts. If they cannot agree why do they not refer it to some respectable heathen for settlement?" Mr. Osler rose to the occasion. "That's just what I was going to suggest," said he. "With my learned friend's permission I would ask your Lordship to dismiss the jury and try the case yourself." The Judge lost no time in giving the case to the jury.



Individualities.

GEORGE ADE, a number of whose breezy plays have been given in Toronto during the past few weeks, lately went on a trip to Europe. As soon as he had taken his departure his friends "got busy." They named a town in Newton County, Indiana, for him, and they are now hot-foot after him to run for Congress. A New York paper remarks, however, that this is not the way in which to lure him back to his native heath.

R. C. Lehmann, the English journalist and oarsman, who is well known on this side of the water, is a member of the new parliament, representing the South, or Market Harborough, division of Leicestershire in the Liberal interest. Mr. Lehmann, who coached the Harvard 'varsity crew some years ago, is a critic and man of letters in the best sense of the term.

The Commercial Directory of Paris shows some queer vicissitudes which have overtaken famous names. For example, Napoleon is now a wineseller, Robespierre makes briquettes, Racine sells forage, Boileau is a wine-seller, Moliere a tailor, and Hugo a dentist. In Berlin Goethe is a barber, and Kant keeps a registry office, while in London Oliver Cromwell lets furnished apartments, Luther keeps a restaurant, Shakespeare is a carriage manufacturer, and Milton is a cabinetmaker.

The late Frederick Locker-Lampson took shame to himself for remembering only one or two trivial things said to him by Thackeray during long years of acquaintance. Grant Duff himself relates that Lord Lyndhurst and Dr. Lushington were once asked what was the most interesting thing that they remembered. "Oh," said the first, "undoubtedly the day which I spent with Washington at Mount Vernon." "Oh," said the second, "undoubtedly the week I spent with Burke at Beaconsfield." "Tell us," said someone, "of what passed." But neither could remember anything whatever.

It is hard to keep a good man down. They say that in the British army rank and favoritism are the only sure steps to promotion, but there are many cases where character and undoubted merit have been rewarded even in private soldiers. Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon Carter, First British Life Guards, is a most remarkable example of rising from the ranks. The son of a farmer, he enlisted as a trooper in the Life Guards in 1873, and after serving eight years in the ranks, was appointed riding-master. A year later he became adjutant of the regiment, and passed from rank to rank till, in 1902, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel. Colonel Gordon Carter was the first, if not the only, trooper who ever rose to the command of a regiment of household cavalry.

Almer Emery, of Lewiston, Okla., declares it is his intention to get possession of \$700,000,000, half of the present fortune of the Astors. John Emery, he asserts, was a partner of the original John Jacob Astor. John Emery's will, leaving his share of the business to his heirs, was not discovered for seventy-five years. Almer Emery says that he has been hunting the other heirs, and that he has found four hundred and eighty of them. Quite an interesting book could be written on wild-goose chases of this kind indulged in. There are quite a number of well-known cases of the kind in Ontario. For example a family named Baker, having large connections in Simcoe County, have for years contributed money to a fund for the prosecution of an investigation into their claims to a vast estate in Philadelphia. A firm of Yankee lawyers have the case in hand, and for years the members of this family have been paying tribute in the hope that some day they will all be wealthy. Their expectations, however, are not accepted in the county as collateral for loans.

A View of Arthur Stringer.

This is the way Arthur Stringer looks, to the editor of *Tales*, in whose monthly he has a gruesome story of crime and remorse: The author of *The Hydrophobic* was born in Canada, and educated at the University of Toronto and the University of Oxford. Although he has already published two novels and two volumes of verse, and has been a frequent contributor to the magazines, the greater part of Mr. Stringer's time and attention is given to his Canadian fruit farm. He has also made two trips into the remotest portions of the Canadian Northwest, roughing it in the midst of trappers and Indians. The outcome of these journeys was a series of short stories of outdoor life, of which *The Hydrophobic* is a representative example. Indeed, Mr. Stringer embarks on one of these expeditions once every year. Last year it was to Sicily and Morocco; the year before it was an extended canoe trip through the Lake Temagami district—for, although addicted to the writing of verse, Mr. Stringer still lays claim to being an athlete, and a few years ago was one of the best-known football players in Canada.

Strange Dances.

Queensland Government Aboriginal Settlement, on Frazer's Island, holds a weekly dance for the blacks. Among the bundles of old clothes sent to the settlement there are often ball gowns, so the gins sport décolleté dresses. Neither sex wears boots. Both sexes have to dance separately.—Sydney Bulletin.

"Cloak-Room Homes."

The "cloak-room home" is a phrase that would correctly describe the house of many an Englishwoman of the day. There are thousands of our fellow-countrywomen now, especially in London, who have their luncheon and dinner generally at a restaurant, their tea at a club, spend the evening at a theater, pass the intervals between meals in a motor-car, and, when they are ill, remove to a nursing-home. It is at home that they sleep, dress and quarrel.—Truth.

Some Words About Worry.

LAST Sunday night about seven o'clock the Walmer Road Baptist Church was well filled with a congregation in which the youthful element seemed to predominate. Before the service began I interested myself in the leaflet which gave the calendar of services, finding on the third page the articles of faith decisively set forth. There is no weak or faltering note in the paragraph which opens: "We believe in the being and unity of God," and one is not surprised to find that the creed includes "the total depravity of man" and "the judgment; the punishment of the wicked and the blessedness of the righteous—both everlasting." In this age of wavering and uncertainty, there is an emphasis of the olden days in articles of faith so plainly printed, but as I looked upon the cheerful members of the congregation I wondered how many of them had a belief in the total depravity of man graven on the "fleshy tables of the heart." The quartette choir of the church is well known, and the people join heartily in the singing.

Rev. Oliver C. Horsman, the pastor of the church, attracted general notice some weeks ago, when it was asserted that certain views he held regarding the Book of Genesis were not strictly orthodox. The committee of inquiry or investigation (not even theology is safe from investigation nowadays), reported that Mr. Horsman's views were in keeping with the creed of his church the general tone of the finding being quite sympathetic. However, Mr. Horsman has decided to return to Morristown, New Jersey, his former charge, to which he has been most warmly invited. As he came to Toronto last May, he has been only about eight months in a Canadian pastorate. He is surprisingly youthful in appearance, with a fair boyish face, typical in energy and resolution of the best class of American university man. There is a suggestion of the athlete in his form and step, the doggedness of a good fighter in the firm jaw, which, however, softens very readily into a friendly smile.

Mr. Horsman is thoroughly modern in his brevity. His manner is not at all suggestive of irreverent hurry, but he gives out hymns, reads the one lesson and delivers his address with a quiet alertness, pleasing and stimulating in effect. His voice is distinct and crisp with no down-east twang, although he claims to be "a thorough Yankee



REV. OLIVER C. HORSMAN.

from Providence, Rhode Island." The lesson was read from a modernized version of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, but most of us prefer the old-fashioned phrasology of the King James version. Tradition is too strong for us to approve of any change in the verse: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The text was taken from the thirty-first verse of the sixth chapter, the modern rendering being: "Be not anxious," the older form, "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or, Wherewith shall we be clothed?" So easy and confidential was the attitude adopted by the speaker towards his listeners that the discourse seemed more like a talk about troubles than a sermon on the sin of anxiety. Some weeks ago, that vulgar sensationalist, known as Sam Jones, was in Toronto, and was reported as complaining of the solemnity of Canadian clergymen, exhorting them to be more vivacious. It was, no doubt, the hope of many who read the extracts from his rambling remarks that our ministers would not imitate the irreverence and slang of the person who assumed the office of adviser. Now, this young preacher from Providence has attained the happy medium, in expression and style, as far as the quality of animation is concerned. Without being either flippant or too frequently anecdotal, Mr. Horsman has a cheerfulness of demeanor which was entirely in keeping with his subject last Sunday night.

He opened his remarks with the question: "What right has a Christian to worry?" and proved satisfactorily in less than half an hour that one who professes a belief in Christianity cannot consistently give himself to worrying. Such a practice is not only useless, but absolutely injurious, since he who worries unites himself for the work over which he is worrying, and adds the burden of to-morrow to the load of to-day. Physically, mentally and spiritually it injures the one who yields to it. Then it is inconsistent with the Christian conception of life, which should aim at laying up spiritual, not material, treasures. Suppose wealth disappears, plans fail and all that we had thought secure is shaken. If the purpose has been for

higher things, why should there be any worry over a failure that does not mean a real defeat?

I daresay that few of his audience were prepared to hear the minister say that worrying is a sin. But he sturdily contended that it is not a mere weakness to be condoned, but an actual evil to be resisted. "Worry," he said, "is a potent implement in the hands of the devil." For some reason, a sentence from the "Autocrat" here flashed into my mind to the effect that the devil has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all. The speaker continued to dwell upon the necessity of guarding against this sin of worry, just as against jealousy, malice, falsehood and the malevolent feelings which we are accustomed to regard as more serious.

This habit, which we all put into daily practice, was further characterized as an impeachment of God's reasonableness, a distrust of the Divine promise and a misuse of the privileges of the Christian. It was never intended, said the preacher, that we should merely take our troubles to God; it was intended that we should leave them with Him. In his earnest enforcing of this teaching, Mr. Horsman is in harmony with that bravest of modern thinkers, Frederic Myers, who concludes one of his poems with:

"Man, what is this, and why art thou despairing?"

God shall forgive thee all but thy despair."

But the sermon had to do, not so much with grief or despair, which come to us only with the great tragedies of life, but rather with the small anxieties of every day, which are the real burden to most of us. We are ready enough to acknowledge the folly of worry, but its sinfulness is rather a new doctrine. If there ever was an age which needed relief from worry it is that in which we live, for there are few faces that do not show its ravages, that are not like those of sorrow. So there were many to whom the simple, practical words about "being not anxious" came forcibly home. With all its optimism and cheer, the sermon by no means counselled an Omar-like indifference to what may come, as the astronomer-poet cries: "Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go!" In fact, one of the strongest objections to worry is that it weakens and unites him who is afflicted for his work in the world. There was not a child in the audience who could not have understood every word of the sermon, there was not an adult who could fail to find something of comfort therein. It was entirely free from false emotionalism, but filled with a cheery humanity in keeping with that from which it was taken—the greatest sermon ever preached.

After the moment of silent prayer which followed the service, Mr. Horsman left the pulpit and seemed to reach the entrance of the auditorium in half-a-dozen strides. To shake hands with hundreds of people is a somewhat exhausting process, but the pastor seemed to take a thorough enjoyment in that part of his duties. Near the same door stood Mr. Thomas Urquhart, who assisted in the friendly work of speeding the departing congregation, and who looked as if no worries over the approaching election were disturbing his Sabbath calm. There are some churches where the officials go about this ceremony of shaking hands in such an eminently mechanical and professional fashion that the unoffending stranger whose hand is grasped resolves that he will never come again. But at Walmer Road there is a quiet cordiality about this after-greeting that leaves only a pleasant impression. When I ventured to ask Mr. Horsman about his recent resignation he replied that he had taken what he considered the wisest course, and, although he had been asked to reconsider the matter, he had fully resolved to return to Morristown in the spring. He is so eminently adapted to preaching to a student community that it is decidedly to be regretted that this advanced and earnest young minister is to leave a congregation that evidently finds his personality and his preaching acceptable. Ministers of his stamp are not so common that we should lightly part with them, and the best wishes of his Toronto friends will follow the young clergyman who smilingly told me that he was "a Yankee indeed."

CANADIENNE.

Natural Inference.

Green—My wife heard that the play is immoral.
Hastings—How many seats did she buy?—Judge.

An Old Tradition Threatened.

Considerable excitement has been caused in Rome by the controversy raised as to the exact spot on which St. Peter suffered martyrdom. A long-standing tradition assigns the top of the hill of San Pietro in Montoria—anciently called Mons Aures—as the place where the venerable apostle shed his blood; here the faithful were wont to resort to obtain the sand which it was supposed to have saturated. Mgr. de Wach, a prominent member of the Roman Archaeological Society, now asserts that it was in the Neronian circus where now stands the basilica of St. Peter that the prince of the apostles met his death, and in commemoration of his discovery has caused a marble inscription describing the martyrdom of the first Pope to be erected near the famous church. Pius X., not wishing to cast aside a long-standing tradition, has ordered the removal of the inscription pending a further more profound study of the question by the Archaeological Commission.

The Bump of Affection.

"The development at the back of the head, my friends, indicates parental affection," explained the phrenologist. "Now you will observe," he went on, feeling the head of the boy on the platform, "that this bump is abnormal in size, thus indicating that this lad loves and reveres his parents to an unusual degree. Is not that so, my lad?" "Naw." "What? You do not love your parents?" "I think well enough of mither," replied the boy, "but I ain't very fond of feyther. The bump you're a-feelin' of he gave me last night with a cricket stump."—Taller.



Nervous Player (deprecatingly playing card)—I really don't know what to play. I'm afraid I've made a fool of myself.
Partner (re-assuringly)—That's all right. I don't see what else you could have done!

THE DRAMA

AFTER the splendors of *The Merchant of Venice* and *Don Carlos* we are to relax next week into beholding the performance, *Little Johnny Jones*, at the Princess Theater, as set forth by George M. Cohan. There are said to be seventy-five members in the company and there is a lavish supply of topical songs, judging from the statement that there are twenty song hits in the course of the adventures of *Little Johnny Jones*. Some song hits of musical comedies we have known were blows of no gentle sort, but these are said to be eminently amusing, if not soothing. We cannot have Miss May or Mr. Mansfield always with us, and the youthful *Jones* will probably be entertaining during the coming week. This musical melodrama tells the story of the adventures of an American jockey who goes to England to win fame and fortune upon the English turf. Mr. George Cohan is the author of both lines and music and has won success with *The Governor's Son* and *Running for Office*. In New York and Chicago *Little Johnny Jones* seems to have run a joyous and profitable career, and, although the races are some months ahead of us, there will doubtless be large audiences to witness the progress of the small jockey who goes in search of British gold.

Such sparkling attractions as Miss Crosman in *As You Like It* and Miss Scheff in *Mademoiselle Modiste* are promised this season. In Montreal, Miss Crosman's presentation has received favorable comment, an unconventional critic saying that she makes the most frisky *Rosalind* seen on the stage. Miss Marlowe's *Rosalind* is most vividly remembered, but Miss Crosman is a thoroughly lovable and laughing maiden as she leads *Orlando* a dance through the Forest of Arden. Could an actress of the name, Fritz Scheff, fail to be piquantly attractive? Miss Scheff was in Toronto in 1901 and sang at the State concert in Massey Hall at the time of the royal visit. She has made a great success of comic opera and wherever she appears is a favorite, as much on account of her bright, insouciant personality as her vocal and dramatic gifts.

The dramatization of novels goes merrily on, in spite of the unsatisfactory artistic effect. The presentation of *The Pit* recently seen in Toronto was, to all those familiar with the novel, a somewhat confusing production, the panic scene being the only point in keeping with Frank Norris' great study. Of all these novels set to drama, the most satisfactory was Mr. Zangwill's *Merely Mary Ann*, but even there the last act was so obviously "tacked on" to satisfy the public that clamors for a final embrace and a happy-ever-after suggestion, that every one who had read the story as it appeared in that delightful collection, *The Grey Wig*, felt a decided jolt. Mr. Channing Pollock who gave *The Pit* its stage form, has made a success of his play *The Little Grey Lady*, and has been engaged by Mr. Belasco to write a play for next season. He has been at work, it is said, on the unsavory Castle romance, *The Secret Orchard*, which will be produced by the Shuberts this spring. Agnes and Egerton Castle have furnished the dramatists with material for romantic plays more than once, the most popular of their stories being *The Pride of Jennico*, in which Mr. James K. Hackett was the genuine matinee hero. *Sweet Kitty Bellairs* was another picturesque affair of "patches and patchouli," which was decidedly profitable. But *The Secret Orchard*, if it is to be made at all pleasing, will have to be pruned beyond recognition of the original. It is a most unwholesome and morbid yarn, and it is to be hoped the drama will have little of the primeval orchard with its forbidden fruit.

It does not look as if Toronto were to see either *Peter Pan* or *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* for many a day. Miss Cecilia Loftus is delighting London audiences with her playing of the airy, fairy *Peter*, while Miss Adams is meeting with equal success in New York. The Barrie star is evidently not waning, and theatergoers who are fond of the gentle Scottish dramatist have been diverted by Captain Harry Graham's rhymes concerning him, as found in *More Misrepresentative Men*. As Miss Ethel Barrymore, Captain Graham's fiancée, is now appearing in Barrie's play, *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*, the following stanzas are especially to the point:

"O tiniest of tiny men!
So wise, so whimsical, so witty!
Whose magic little fairy-pen
Is steeped in human pity;
Whose humor plays so quaint a tune,
From Peter Pan to Pantaloon.

"And modern matrons who can find
So little leisure for the Nurs'ry,
Whose interest in babykind
Is eminently curs'ry
New views on Motherhood acquire
From Alice-Sitting-by-the-Fire."

The story of *Cinderella*, with a twentieth century setting, is told in the plot of *The Catch of the Season*, in which Miss Edna May appeared at the Princess Theater during the early part of the week. Even the new name of the forlorn maiden, *Angela Crystal*, is far-removed from our everyday world, and just a step from fairyland. Miss May's blending of demureness and mischief makes her interpretation of the part extremely acceptable, while her grace and charm win the audience long before the fairy godmother, who, in this practical version, is merely a rich aunt, appears and transforms the girl in a gray gown into the actual belle of the ball, who fails to vanish at midnight, and who secures a duke, instead of the fairy prince. *The Catch of the Season* is the best musical comedy we have seen and heard this year, although it is not quite so mirthful as that other London success, *The Country Girl*. There is a delightful drollery about these English comedies that is usually lacking in the United States productions, which make up in glitter where they fail in humor—always excepting that delectable comedy, *The Yankee Consul*, be it understood. Mr. Fred Wright as *Gibson*, the father of a noble army of girls, is extremely funny and adds to the gaiety of nations by his absurd tricks and disguises. The comedy proved most popular, rivaling the Mansfield plays in an early sale of seats and proving the attractiveness of the leading lady. By the way, the posters announcing the play are the most artistic that have been displayed in Toronto, and afford a restful contrast to some of the vulgar atrocities which disfigure our shop-windows and streets from week to week.

The bill at Shea's this week is above the average. Asa, expert billiard player, gives an interesting exhibition. The Meers do sensational work on the wire. The xylophone and violin selections of Celina Bobe are well received. The weekly playlet is entitled *The Timely Awakening*, in which Miss Maude Hall, as a neglected wife, sets out to make her husband appreciate her virtue. Madame Slanoffski, who has a pleasing soprano voice, gives a number of *Faust* selections. Sam Watson, as a coster, with mokes, dogs, pig, etc., affords much amusement. Ford and Wilson are heard in funny dialogue. Parros Brothers, equilibrists, and the kinetograph complete the programme, which is unusually bright and well balanced.

The Sultan of Sulu, at the Grand this week, is the fourth of George Ade's plays which has visited the city this season. It is a gorgeous production, and contains many bright lines and clever lyrics, but at times the staging and costuming quite overshadow the acting. The author is humorously satirical with many American insti-



"Have you met him socially?"
"Dear me, no. Only in a business way. I married his daughter."

tutions, by showing their absurdity when introduced into the Eastern kingdom of Sulu. Albert Mahar and F. J. McCarthy made a hit with their comedy, and Frances Demarest was very winsome and attractive as the Colonel's daughter. Altogether *The Sultan of Sulu* is very amusing and entertaining, as musical comedies go.

A Revival of the Historic Pageant.

AN extremely interesting revival of the mediaeval spirit of civic rejoicing is taking place in England. Last summer, in a Dorset village, a civic pageant was held, and now the historic town of Warwick is preparing for an elaborate spectacle which will be held from July 2 to 7, both days inclusive, when 1,700 years of the town's history will be set forth in ancient dramatic form. The story will be told in verse and text, embellished with choruses, songs, dances, marches, and every legitimate spectacular adjunct. The beautiful lawn in front of Warwick Castle Conservatory will be the arena, and Shakespeare's Avon will be utilised for Queen Elizabeth's State barge in one of the most splendid episodes of the pageant. For months past the ladies of Warwick have been engaged in preparing historical costumes, etc., designed from contemporary records, and when July arrives the citizens of the town, their wives, their children, and their friends will join in a simple and reverent representation of the eleven great episodes which have been chosen for production. It is expected that nearly 2,000 performers will take part in the pageant, which will form a dignified panorama of the town's history. Moreover, the pageant will be an incident in a great act of praise and thanksgiving. The festival will commence with a thanksgiving service in the parish church (which includes the famous Beauchamp Chapel) at which the Bishop of Bristol will preach; and on the following Sunday, when the pageant is over, the Bishop of Worcester will be the preacher. The pageant is under the direction of Mr. Louis N. Parker, who is known in America as the author of several successful plays. He has written the "text" for eleven episodes of world-wide interest in the history of Warwick Castle and town. The first episode takes us back to the Roman invasion of Britain and the story of the first introduction of Christianity to the island at this period will be told in simple but impressive fashion. How "The Bear and Ragged Staff" came to be the badge of the Earls of Warwick will be shown in the second episode. Guy of Warwick and the tale of how he slew the Dun Cow for his lady's sake and afterwards died in her arms are to be dealt with in quaint style; and another scene will illustrate Queen Ethelfleda (Alfred the Great's daughter) founding Warwick Castle just a thousand years ago. One very remarkable but little known fact to be illustrated will be the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey as Queen at Warwick, in 1553. Queen Elizabeth will arrive in her stage coach, with outriders in crimson, and be received with great ceremony by her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the episode will reach its climax when the figure of Shakespeare himself, in a quite unique situation, is introduced. In the last episode William III. restores Warwick after the great fire of 1694.

It is thought that many cities in England will be inspired to adopt the pageant idea as the best means of expressing local patriotism and of keeping alive local traditions. Canada is a young country, but the early days of the Dominion were not lacking in romance or thrilling adventure. Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, almost any of our cities, have traditions of interest. Why not occasionally keep them green in men's memories by holding a civic pageant?

Found Her Level.

Cummings was persuaded by his friend Watson to accept an invitation to a fancy ball given by the latter's lodge. Among the pretty girls present Cummings noticed a fascinating brunette, exquisitely gowned, and sought an opportunity to meet her. At last his hour came, and he hurried Watson along to where the beauty sat for the time quite alone. The girl acknowledged the introduction with a careless nod and a slight uplifting of her long black eyelashes. Watson withdrew and Cummings proceeded to show the beauty that he belonged to her class.

"I see," he remarked, "that the elite are here this evening."
The girl (with another lazy glance from under her sweeping lashes)—"Huh?"
Cummings—"I see that the aristocracy is present this evening."
The girl (as before)—"Huh?"
Cummings (desperately)—"I say there's a devil of a swell bunch of people here to-night!"
The girl—"You betcher life."—*Judge's Magazine of Fun.*

Senator Hale as a Humorist.

In the crowded closing days of the last session of Congress, when everybody was rushed to death and the nights as well as the days were given to law-making, Senator Hale, of Maine, met Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, in one of the corridors of the Capitol.
"By the way, Spooner," said Hale, "I hope you will be here to-night. Some matters that are of vital importance are to come up. We shall need you on the floor."
"I don't think I can attend to-night," Spooner replied. "I have a long-standing engagement to take Mrs. Spooner to dinner at a friend's, and she insists that I must go."
"Tut! tut! Spooner," Senator Hale protested. "That is not the proper patriotic spirit. Why, man, we need you here. You must break your engagement and do your duty

to your constituents. No Senator should think of a dinner-party on such a night as this."

"Well," Senator Spooner said hesitatingly, "I will try to get out of it. Maybe Mrs. Spooner will release me. Of course, I appreciate the force of your remarks, and I think I can arrange it to be here."

He went to the telephone, called Mrs. Spooner, explained the situation to her and told her to go to the dinner without him, as he was compelled to remain at the Capitol.

About midnight, after an exhausting session, and with some hours of work ahead of him, Senator Spooner called his wife again.

"Did you have a good time, my dear?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "It was a very delightful affair."

"Who took you out to dinner?" inquired the solicitous husband.

"Why," said Mrs. Spooner, "I went out with Senator Hale."



MAUDE MORRIS

Who assumes one of the leading roles with *Little Johnny Jones*, coming to the Princess Theater next week.

English Cabinet Ministers' Salaries.

Of all the members of King Edward the Seventh's Cabinet, the Lord Chancellor receives the highest salary, namely, \$50,000; the Prime Minister, the Ministers of the Interior, Exterior, Colonies, War, Finance, and the Secretary for Indian Affairs receive \$25,000 each; the First Lord of the Admiralty, \$22,500; the Secretary for Ireland \$21,500; and other members of the Cabinet a salary of \$10,000 each. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives \$100,000 a year, the Lord Chancellor for Ireland \$40,000, and the First Secretary of Public Works \$10,000. The three latter officials, however, hold no portfolio.

Pure Mathematics.

Clerk (to wine merchant)—How shall I label that cask in which you mixed five-year-old and ten-year-old Moselle?

Merchant—Mark it "Extra fine fifteen-year-old Moselle."—Translated from *Tales from Familie-Journal*.

In turning down an unusually persistent interviewer King Alfonso of Spain is reported to have said: "I am well disposed toward journalists in general, but you must surely see that you are behaving indecorously in trying to force yourself on me at such a time." What an improvement is this on the American, "Nothin' to say!"

The German Emperor, the King of Italy, the youthful King of Spain, the Queen of Holland, the King of Bavaria, and the King of Saxony have never taken the trouble to be crowned.

The Writing of Plays

WHEN we read that Clyde Fitch has written about thirty successful modern plays, and that a shoal of other ambitious and prolific young authors on the American continent are turning out dramas as fast as their pens will travel, a light breaks in upon us. Most of the plays written in the United States that we have listened to this year, and for several years past, have been pretty thin, and it is no wonder. What could we expect when the only restraint known to their enterprising authors is that of writer's cramp? Perhaps no literary work calls for more knowledge of human nature, more intimate acquaintance with the motives that impel men and women of different types to varying lines of action, or for greater powers of expression than the writing of plays. In the old days the difficulties of successful drama-writing were recognized and the youthful playwright often labored for years on one drama, hoping that it would prove a great one which would bring him fame. Nowadays the young writer worships not at the altar of genius, but of commercialism. He dashes off a play based on some humor or conceit of the hour, the slang peculiar to his native city, or some other equally satisfactory and aesthetic theme, and attempts to market it. If his drama "goes" he writes another in tremendous haste, for successful plays are very profitable. If it does not meet with favor he tries again in still greater haste. So we have not to go far in seeking the reason why there is little of genuine merit in many even of the most successful modern plays if we strip them of their smart settings and of the *clat* given to them by the attractive personality of a popular star, or why, when we go with pleasurable expectancy to enjoy the dramatization of a favorite novel, we usually find the characters and the theme changed beyond recognition.

Even the finest literary craftsmen have met with failure when they attempted to produce dramas in haste. The case of Balzac may be cited as a notable instance. In 1840 he made a contract with Harel, the manager of the Theater Porte-St. Martin, Paris, to furnish him with a drama. The play was accepted before it was written, and one day Gantier, who tells the story, was summoned in haste and found Balzac pacing impatiently up and down his room. In M. Gantier's own words, as recorded by Mary F. Sanders, Balzac's latest biographer, the following dialogue took place:

"Here is Theo at last," cried Balzac when he saw me. "You idler! dawdle! sloth! get up, do make haste! You ought to have been here an hour ago! To-morrow I am going to read Harel a grand drama in five acts."
"And you want my advice," I answered, settling myself comfortably in an armchair, ready to submit to a long reading.

From my attitude Balzac guessed my thought, and said simply, "The drama is not written."
"Good heavens!" said I; "well, then, you must put off the reading for six weeks."

"No, we must hurry on the drama to get the money. In a short time I have a large sum of money to pay."

"To-morrow is impossible; there is no time to copy it."
"This is the way I have arranged things. You will write one act, Ourliau another, Laurent-Jan the third, De Beltoys the fourth, I the fifth, and I shall read it at twelve o'clock as arranged. One act of a drama is only four or five hundred lines; one can do five hundred lines of dialogue in a day and the night following."

"Relate the subject to me, explain the plot, sketch out the characters in a few words, and I will set to work," I said, rather frightened.

"Ah," he cried, with superb impatience and magnificent disdain, "if I have to relate the subject to you we shall never have finished!"

Under such pressure Balzac's drama of *Vautrin* was written and put in rehearsal. During the two months and a half of rehearsals Balzac was driven to distraction. The manager harried and hurried him because the theater was threatened with bankruptcy unless a successful play could be immediately produced. At last the date of the first performance was announced. Paris was agog with excitement in anticipation of the great event. Every seat was sold. When the night of presentation came the theater was packed. The audience received the first three acts coldly but quietly. In the fourth the appearance of one of the actors in a ridiculously incongruous costume was the signal for the storm to break. The angry demonstrations of the disgusted audience amounted almost to a riot, and next day the Minister of the Interior interdicted the play.

It is true that a few plays bearing the mark of genius have been written or finished under pressure. For instance, the story is told that on the opening night of Brinsley Sheridan's play, *Pizarro*, only four of the five acts were written. The principal performers, Mrs. Siddons, Charles Kemble, and Barrymore had just received their parts, and no rehearsal had been held. Sheridan sat in the prompter's room, and with his usual source of inspiration—a bottle of sherry—at hand, he turned out the balance of the play, the actors studying the dialogue as he brought it bit by bit to them in the green-room. *Pizarro* was a great success. However, it is only occasionally that even a genius can accomplish great results without painstaking labor. As far as our budding young American dramatists are concerned they would do well to extract a useful lesson from the experience of Balzac.

H. W. J.



"Have you been touching the barometer, Jane?"
"Yes, mum; I've just put it to 'very dry' 'cos it's my day out to-morrow."—*Tattler*.

Make yourself interesting to yourself. You have to be a good deal in your own company.—*Tom Watson's Magazine*.

WHY THEY LEAVE THE FARM.



THE occasional cold snaps of the past week and the snowfalls which have made sleighing in many parts of the province where all winter there has been little but "bad wheeling," were gladly welcomed, no doubt, in rural Ontario. During the summer there is plenty of fun for the fun-loving young farmer. There is hard work to be done of course, but there are many fine, wholesome diversions. In the early months when the sun shines warm there are picnics and many out-of-door gatherings. Later on there are threshings and barn-raising, and outside of the bustling season of harvest the young fellows can have the evenings to themselves. When the day is over and the working horses are put in the stable the farmer's son can take out his "roader" and top buggy and drive to town, where the young chaps "clerk" in the stores are still hard at it, or he can call for his best girl, and they can drive up and down the front street of the nearest village or out on the concession lines to their hearts' content. Nearly every prosperous young farmer, and indeed even the "hired man," nowadays has a horse and rig of his own.



At the Picnic.

They dash into town on Sunday evenings—whole processions of young folk—to attend church and incidentally to enjoy themselves. They have no chaperones—they don't need any. Everything goes merrily enough until the fall comes. Then when the roads are choked with mud and the young farmer has nothing to do after his chores are finished but to look out of the window at the dreary waste of rain-swept fields he grows grouchy and discontented. There is a deadly monotony in the still unchanging prospect of the old farm as it stretches away to the distant road and back to the wood lot and out on either hand to other farms as quiet and lifeless as itself. Of a certainty "the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." To the young man with blood in his body and spirit in his make-up this sameness of earth and sky, the empty days and lonely nights are intolerable. He feels caged—marooned. So it is no wonder that very often before the winter has fairly set in he startles the household by announcing that "farming is the rankest job on earth," and that in the spring he's "off for the city or some place where there's something going on." When sleighing comes there is more driving on the sidelines and there is also a round of tea-meetings, parties, concerts and debates. However, during a normal winter the storms of February and March usually block the roads and once again isolate the farm-dwellers. This winter there has been no snow at all in many places. So it is not strange that the young farmer, thinking mostly of pleasure, becomes as pessimistic as the old farmer thinking altogether of his crops, and that both are ready to grumble. "If there isn't one thing to set a fellow back there's another."



Struggling with the Frozen Pump.

A point generally overlooked, however, is the fact that the dullness of farm life does not drive as many young fellows away from the old homestead as the dullness of farm work. While it is true that the young farmer is most content when he is busy during the summer, and most miserable when he is idle during the winter, it is generally dissatisfaction with the work that causes him to seek his fortune elsewhere when the time comes for him to decide what he is to make of himself. A good many boys leave the farm because they are looking for more fun elsewhere; but the boys who have it in them to make the farming business hum if they stayed, the boys who come to town and make the city-bred youths take a back seat—these young men, active and ambitious, leave the farm because it seems to offer them no opportunities for a career. Men living in cities and towns are often heard to say that the farmer is the most independent man in the country. It's also easy to prove by logical reasoning that life on the farm is quite an ideal existence. Optimistic writers on the daily press

point out that the introduction of a system of rural postal delivery, rural telephones and other conveniences of this sort will some happy day in the near future put a stop to the yearly exodus of young people from the farms to the centers of population. It is true that everything that helps in any way to bring the distant farm into touch with the outside world is valuable and desirable. At the same time farming will never be attractive to the majority of ambitious sons of farmers until it is looked upon by those who engage in it not as drudgery but as an interesting occupation. As a rule a city man unconsciously makes his business his pet diversion. He is looking every day in all directions for some means of giving it more arms and hands with which to gather in dollars. Too often his enthusiasm in this direction oversteps the mark, and he becomes so absorbed in the exciting chase after money or position that he neglects the things which are most worth while in life. Be this as it may, however, his days are always full of interest, his mind is active. On the other hand the great majority of farmers do not bring system or enthusiasm into their work, and so get no pleasure out of it. Scarcely one farmer in a hundred can tell how much he makes in a year or what is his profit, or possible loss, on each particular crop or each individual animal he grows. He knows at the end of a year that he and his family have had a living and that he is so much further ahead or so much further behind than he was twelve months ago, but he cannot say what were the exact sources of profit and loss. A merchant would not get much fun out of his business on those lines, keeping no books, and plugging along haphazard. Neither can the farmer expect much satisfaction from his work if conducted on such lines.

There are great possibilities in farming. Anyone who spends a day at the Model Farm at Guelph will never rid himself of that impression. Gradually the farmers of Ontario are realizing their possibilities. To grasp them eagerly, to make farming a work of thrilling interest—a work in which there is full scope for the best brains—is the duty of those who would like to see a large proportion of the brightest boys stay on the farm. A man can travel all over the continent, and he will find no finer, more prosperous farming country than Ontario. But the well-cleared farms, the large barns and substantial houses of rural Ontario represent several generations of strenuous, patient, unremitting labor and strict economy. Luxury is making its appearance on the best Ontario farms, it is true. But if every farmhouse had a telephone, a piano, a library, and an enameled bath-tub, these things alone would not deter young fellows from swarming in thousands to the big towns to seek and win success. What is needed to hold them to the farm is to introduce a little fun into the game of farming itself. It is not so much the lack of the latest novel or of the ability to rattle off the popular songs of the day on a piano that makes a bright boy take a jaundiced view of life as he looks from the farmhouse window on a dreary winter's day. He may think it is his discontent, however, really arises from the fact that there is no variety, nothing pleasurable, in the business of farming as pursued by his father or his father's neighbors. To keep the boys on the farm, agriculture must be made attractive as well as profitable.

The Poor Father.

Representative Chalk Beeson of Kansas is the head of a forestry station that gives trees to farmers. In an address to a women's congress Mr. Beeson said: "Trees are like children. In the beginning they give us a great deal of trouble and worry, but in the end we are very proud of them. Young trees are vexatious. I know a

man who sat in his study the other afternoon writing a speech when his little son called shrilly from the garden:

"Papa, papa, look out of the window." "What a nuisance children are," grumbled the man, but nevertheless he put down his pen, and with a half smile he advanced to the window promptly and stuck forth his head. "Well, what is it?" said he. "The boy, from a group of youngsters, called up: 'Jimmy Smith wouldn't believe you had no hair on the top of your head.'—New York Tribune."

The Newspaper Veteran.

SOME people have a positive mania for writing letters to the press. It matters little to them upon what matter they write, be it a question of public concern or a dead and buried issue. They sign themselves Veteran or Ex-this and Ex-that, and assume all the prerogatives of age and experience at every pretext, and with the flimsiest of claims. The most audacious and self-assertive member of this tribe is the sporting veteran. He is seen in so many places and assumes so many forms that I have often wondered whether he is one or many persons, the archetype or individual manifestations of a genus veteranum. If there be a species, it belongs not to the animal or vegetable, but to the mineral kingdom, for there is a large element of brass in Veteran's composition. He writes with equal facility if not felicity upon every sport—football, baseball, cricket, lawn-tennis, curling, golf, whist, even dominoes and solitaire. He is a veritable encyclopaedia of playing rules, an edition de luxe of the "Telegraph Form Chart," a crisp compendium of wise counsels, trenchant satire, cheerful optimism and snarling pessimism. He has a greater mass of detail than Bradstreet's, and a stronger grasp of principles than a scientific monthly. He has at his finger's ends statistics for the last fifty years, and no matter what game he discusses, be it as mediaeval as golf and football, either is the inventor or knew the inventor. He has done everything and can do everything but convince his hearers of his veracity. In short, he has the strength of a Hercules and the ready invention of a Baron Munchausen; but in spite of his learning he is more of a paradox than a paragon, and his talk is more full of contradictions than good sense.

Of course we can never tell when somebody is masquerading in his plumes. I myself knew of a boy who posed as a croquet veteran at the age of twelve. There are scores of marble veterans between the ages of 4 and 6. These young upstarts bring credit on the city sports, making all allowances for misrepresentations. I think that there is some justification for considering the sporting veteran as a vainglorious, interfering, tedious old fool.

First of all, it passes human understanding that one man in one life could be pre-eminent in every variety of athletics and could beat all comers at running, jumping, boxing, rowing, fencing and anything else you like to mention. Therefore, he is vainglorious. Again, the sporting veteran is never so happy as when in a controversy. His strong point is to raise questions. He never waits for an answer, in fact he is indignant if they are answered. He prides himself upon bristling with thorny objections, is always stirring up trouble and was never known to do any good. Therefore he is interfering. Moreover, he blights the paper he writes on with his arid breath, he causes his readers groans, yawns, even snores. Therefore he is tedious. Further, he is old because his writings betoken senility and mental decay and because in his lighter moments he signs himself "Old Sport." Last of all, he is a fool because of his vainglory, interference and tediousness.

Assuming, for argument's sake, that Veteran is really as great a man as he says he is, I have a bone to pick with him for all of that. He knows not the grace of concession, he has not the good humor which should come with the possession of superior qualities, he is unavailing in conciliation and tact are the best ways to win men. His diplomatic weapon is the sledge-hammer. In every line he writes he gloats over the ignorance of sportsmen who fancy that sport to-day is as good as it was a generation back. He is a morose, cantankerous Sir Oracle of a man who is willing to listen to no one's barkings but his own. And bark he does with a vengeance and a loudness sufficient to drown out all other canine yelps. Sometimes he growls, but never, never bites. Oh, no! his poor old palsied jaws haven't got a fang left for that. So then, this decrepit creature hurls insult after insult in our teeth and provokes hostilities from all sides, never thinking how incapable he is of self-defence.

A word to the wise is generally sufficient—but not to the sporting veteran. A breath would destroy him but he thinks himself a Samson, and will never take the hint and retire to a Refuge. Destruction of the old is not yet legal, so there is every prospect that for years to come we shall see this poor ghost of an athlete squeaking and gibbering in the sporting columns of our daily papers.

The Untidy Sex.

It is a curious fact that manuscripts by women are rarely as clean and tidy as those prepared by men. Most editors will admit—in candid, if ungallant, moments—that they would rather tackle two manuscripts by men than one in a hand that should be fairer.—Book Monthly.

Daughter—No, mamma, Harold has not proposed yet—that is, not in so many words. Mother—Mercy on me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, haws, and looks, you know.—Exchange.

Social and Personal

"Fairfield," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield Greenwood, York street, Cornwall, was the scene, on Wednesday, the 7th instant, of an exceedingly pretty wedding, when their only daughter, Edith May, was married to A. Laurence Killaly, C. E., of Cardinal, the ceremony being performed by Rev. E. B. Ryckman, M.A., D.D., assisted by Rev. George Edwards. The drawing-room was a veritable fairy place, with its many brilliant lights and beautiful flowers. At the hour of one o'clock the bridal party entered the drawing-room to the strains of the Wedding March. The bride, coming in with her father, looked very lovely in an imported gown of rose point lace, touched with silver, which was mounted on chiffon over duchesse satin; the dainty veil, prettily draped over her fair hair, was caught by the conventional wealth of orange blossoms. The shower bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bride also wore a diamond and pearl pendant, and a bracelet of baroque pearls and amethysts, the latter, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid, Miss Edith Thomas of Coaticook, P.Q., was very sweet in a gown of white crepe de Chine over taffeta, trimmed with dainty lace, and a picture hat of white tulle. She wore a pendant set with baroque pearls, the gift of the groom, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and pink carnations. The groomsmen were the bridegroom's brother, Hartley Killaly, the bride's gifts to the groom and best man were handsome scarf pins. The bride's mother wore a gown of black Marquise lace over taffeta, with touches of gold and silver embroidery; the groom's mother a handsome gown of grey Irish poplin. At the déjeuner the health of the bride was proposed by Dr. Ryckman in his usual happy manner. Mr. Killaly replied in very appropriate terms. The health of the bridesmaid was also proposed and honored. The bride's going away gown was of hyacinth-blue chiffon velvet, trimmed with silk military braid of the same color. The skirt was in princess style, with short Eton coat, having a vest of Persian embroidery. With this was worn a lace bodice of Irish crochet, trimmed with true lavers-knots and touches of velvet. The hat was of velvet and wings. Handsome sable furs completed a beautiful costume. The out of town guests present were: Mrs. H. Killaly, mother of the groom, Mr. Hartley Killaly, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ewing, Mrs. T. S. Rubidge, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Reid, Dr. W. E. McKee, Montreal; Dr. and Mrs. Ryckman, Almonte; Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant, Cardinal; Mr. and Mrs. Millo, Brockport, N.Y.; Mr. E. Barnes, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Herbert Morris, Mille Roches; Mrs. W. Thomas, Miss Thomas, Mrs. E. F. Tompkins, Coaticook, P.Q.

A Marmora correspondent writes: One of the most successful dances of the season was the Bachelors' and Benedicts' ball, which was given at Marmora, in honor of Mr. J. G. Bleeker, who is leaving town in the near future. The music was furnished from Toronto. Many handsome costumes were worn by the ladies, among whom were Mrs. W. G. Mackechnie, pale blue voile, cream applique trimming and pearl crescent; Mrs. G. Bleeker, black lace with violet trimming; Mrs. C. Bleeker, grey velvet; Mrs. H. M. Jones, grey velveteen with applique trimming; Mrs. McDonnell, grey voile and lace; Mrs. Frank Pearce, white satin and duchess lace; Mrs. Dunlay, black net and sequins; Mrs. H. Clark, pink silk organdie; Mrs. Golding, a dainty gown of flowered silk organdie over cream taffeta, trimmed with lace applique and bébé ribbon; Miss M. McWilliams, point d'esprit over yellow silk, bébé ribbon, bouquet of violets and pearl crescent; Mrs. Tom Dempsey, cream cashmere; Mrs. F. Bleeker, white silk; Miss F. McWilliams, pink silk, pearl crescent; Miss O'Connor, white silk; Miss Sharbonneau, white dotted muslin; Miss Chisholm, Paris voile, and her guest, Miss Airhart of Trenton, black silk; Miss May Jones, white dotted muslin over blue; Miss Muriel Jones, cream cashmere; Miss E. McWilliams, white point d'esprit over pink silk; Mrs. Clark, black voile; Miss Kate McDonnell of Trenton, pale blue organdie and lace; Miss Dunlay, pink silk; Miss Feeney, black voile; Mrs. G. McWilliams, black silk with grey trimmings; Mrs. Gordon, white organdie over silk; Mrs. Dan Shannon, black silk; Miss F. Shannon, white organdie over white silk; Miss Margaret Sullivan, white organdie; Miss Mary Sullivan, white point d'esprit; Mrs. R. Pearce, black silk grenadine over black silk, pink roses and pearl crescent; Mrs. Mackechnie, black silk and lace; Mrs. Wiggins, cream cashmere; Mrs. J. McWilliams, Nile green voile; Mrs. H. Jones, blue voile; Mrs. Nelson McWilliams, black silk; Miss Bibby, red muslin; Miss Loucks, black silk; Miss McIntosh, blue voile; Mrs. R. Campion, black silk; Mrs. R. Campion, black silk; Mrs. Feeney, black voile; Miss J. Pearce, white point d'esprit; Miss Mackechnie, shot Irish poplin and silk, cream applique trimmings and topaz necklace; Mrs. Hughes, cream cashmere with lace; Mrs. Pringle, green voile and applique; Miss McMillan, dotted muslin and Valenciennes lace; Miss Tony Eastwood, dotted muslin over pink silk; Mrs. E. Leal, blue voile; Miss Driscoll of Trenton, white silk; Miss E. Conley of Sterling, black lace over red satin; Miss Devine of Delora, white organdie; Mrs. P. Crawford, cream voile; Mrs. J. Crawford, black voile; Miss Martin of Sterling, white voile. The following gentlemen from out of town were present: Messrs. Masterson and Ballard of Toronto, J. S. Mansfield of Ottawa, McNair of Toronto, Dr. Driscoll of Coehill, Dr. Secord of Sterling, J. W. Haight, Sterling. The stewards were Dr. W. G. Mackechnie, Dr. H. M. Jones, Mr. H. R. Pearce, Mr. F. N. Maret, Mr. P. M. Gordon, Mr. H. Kelly, Mr. J. A. Beaton, Mr. A. M. Louttet and Mr. Hugh Wiggins.

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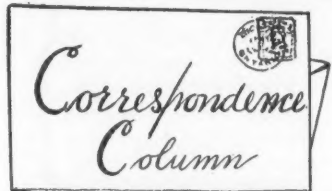
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The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original material, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Bob—Many happy returns of your birthday, good Bob, and may the coming year be one of happiness and good luck. February 28th brings you under Pisces, the fishes, the last of the twelve months, as the ancients arranged them. The sign governs the feet of the Grand Man, and its children should be careful where they go, whether the feet lead them to the noblest heights, even over thorns and sharp stones, or into the muddiest quagmires, no matter how easy the road to them. Pisces people have a deep love nature, one can almost invariably reach them through that emotion. They are sensitive about a very few things, ordinarily they present to criticism the flabby indifference of the real fish. Their minds are often given to speculative thought, and may be influenced by stronger mentality to change a course of action or basis of belief. Perhaps they are prone to be too confiding in the bona fides of others, are generous to a fault, honest and clean-minded, averse to gross and profane expressions, fond of responsibility and often hankering for office. Your writing shows many Pisces traits, with love of beauty, strong local attachment, susceptibility and a tendency to idealize that which or those who appeal to your affections. There is good business ability in it.

Mabel G.—It may easily be "real nice," as you express it, and not transgress the rules of veracity. You are frank and somewhat generous, not a particle of mistrust or reserve in you. There is a certain genial, easy egotism which, though evident, does not offend. You are careful of detail and somewhat anxious to make a good impression, to get due credit, so to speak, from all. The qualities of sympathy and good-comradeship are evident, though you have neither tact nor finesse. There is thought, study and some choice of the best in your lines. You are, though strong and energetic, not apt to do things carelessly or hurriedly. A very practical turn shows, but not ability for long thought or argument, which would possibly oppress you. Pity you omitted the date of your birth, but from the above an astrologer could guess it pretty fairly.

Audax—I should think you would probably be a very good risk. There is undoubtedly cleverness and snap in your lines, and the grace of modesty in your statements. So many who feel a spark of the inspiration to plunge into print with nothing more, whereas it may be a will-o'-the-wisp leading them into the slough of despond and the waste-paper basket. October 12th brings you under Libra, the scales, an air sign; unless perfectly poised its children fret under monotonous work. They are often brilliant writers, with alternate fits of hope and pessimism, either up in the air or down in the gutter. With your proposed course of training you should make a bully journalist. Never despise detail, and look twice at a cause or project before you throw yourself into it with true Libra enthusiasm. The ability to help others is born of the power to govern self. Never borrow, never speculate, gamble, or drop a worthy sentence to pursue a doubtful dollar. Again, I believe you will eventually be heard from in your line of work.

Nancy Brown—Adaptability, appreciation, good sequence of ideas, practical purpose, some inspiration, some susceptibility, caution, discretion, hope and candor are qualities in your pleasant study. I think time will give you a good many more.

Viola Allen—April 4th brings you under Aries, a fire sign, which is known as the sign of sacrifice. Aries people are executive, earnest, determined to succeed, natural leaders, generous and have nobility of character, when properly developed; love beauty, order, and elegant surroundings, and are large-hearted and true, but often rather fickle and capricious. Loyalty to friends and hard criticism of enemies are two of the strong Aries traits. Your writing is an excellent specimen—full of snap, hope, energy and achievement. You have an unattained ambition which will spur you on to good work. If you would avoid platitudes and give only original and thoughtful utterances it would be helpful.

A. C.—You have the touch of adaptability that saves you exile from being too trying—the knack of "fitting in" to the niche, even if it wasn't built exactly to fit you. Your writing shows talent and imagination, dominant power and love of rule, care for detail and original force and ability. You are buoyant, somewhat ambitious, cautious and averse to giving confidence, but at the same time sharp and outspoken in business ways. Tenacity of tradition, opinion, and love for the old ways, balances your enterprise, and a certain strong, intermittent pessimism is at the back of a bold front of buoyant courage. It is a very able but not very controlled study.

Trix—Well do I know that little town! It seems to be gradually getting into line, by railway facilities, and I'd like to see how it has advanced in the last quarter of a century, for it's quite that time since I visited it. The study is strong and determined, without great inspiration; frank, generous and courageous, careful of detail, but hampered for lack of space. I think you could safely branch out. You have the dominant touch, but lack the enterprise initiative you need to make you the ruler you might be. March 1st brings you under Pisces, for which influence you might see answer to another this week. You are self-reliant, but have not the buoyancy which would make you invincible. Many happy returns of your birthday. And may the next see you fairly launched. Perhaps, however, there are home duties and home ties, things for which Pisces is specially adapted, and through which comes a fine development.

The Writer's Trade.

The writer's trade once learned stands by its learner longer than most others. Writers who keep their health seldom retire from the active practice of their calling. Doctors and lawyers—especially doctors—sometimes retire in their maturity from medicine and law, and begin writing, but writers, as a rule, like their work and keep at it to the last. It was told in the obituaries of a distinguished and venerable editor, who died not long ago after about sixty years of active journalism, that though in his ninth decade, and nearly or quite blind, he still in his daily work of editorial writing set a pace to the last, and a brisk one, for the younger men in his office. Still more lifelike is the case of Mrs. Thyra Beckwith Gray, who lately died in Oswego at the age of 103. The Boston "Transcript" says of her: "As a writer of verse she won distinction, and much of her published work was accomplished after she reached the century mark."

So Stupid of Him.

A woman writer submitted a story to one of the magazines. It was accepted. She waited long for her money to arrive, but none came. Finally she wrote a brief note: "Please send cheque for story. I need a new hat." In a day or two she received a draft for eight dollars. Immediately she indited a second epistle: "I wrote I wanted a hat, not a veil!"

Strictly Honorable.

Congressman J. Adam Bede was consulting with President Roosevelt about a minor Federal appointment in the Minnesota district which he represented. After making several inquiries about the man, the President abruptly said: "Is he an honest man?" "An honest man?" returned Mr. Bede; "why, see here, Mr. President, that man wouldn't rob a railway company—not if he had the chance."

Man and Wife.

The snow was falling. The day was still and gray and cold. Dr. Parkhurst, shaking the white flakes from his shoulders, said:

"I have just witnessed an instructive happening—a happening that might teach us why some marriages do not succeed."

"A man and his wife were walking down a back street. The man had his hands in his pockets. The woman carried a basket filled with cabbage and beets."

"A group of boys danced like imps on a corner. They had snowballs in their hands. As soon as the married couple had passed them, they let drive."

"But only the woman was struck. She got two heavy blows about the head and face. Every snowball, somehow, missed the man."

"He looked at his wife as she brushed the snow out of her ears and hair, and then he shook his fist at the boys and shouted:

"It's a good thing for you, you young rascals, that you didn't hit me!"—Philadelphia "Bulletin."

British Election Explained.

In a wrestling match at the Lyceum last week Smith defeated Smyth. Here we have the general election in a nutshell.—"Punch."



CATASTROPHE

THEY met on the roof of a house one foggy morning, not a very pleasant meeting-place, certainly. The surrounding dwellings were very ordinary, though some looked more respectable than others. Chimney-pots sticking up in every direction and the whistling of steam from the factories near by only added to the dismal scene. However, Miss Tabby Brown and her friend Sarah Jane from the City Hotel did not mind the fog evidently, and they were quite heedless of the falling, soot, which was certainly not improving their fur.

You see they were only commonplace domestic animals, but for all that, Sarah Jane did boast of aristocratic ancestors; though as Tabby remarked, like a potato the best of them is underground.

Sarah occasionally condescended to take a walk on the back fence with her less fortunate sister; besides that, they belonged to the same satellite choir held during the moonlight nights, therefore frequently met. But for all the comforts of hotel life Sarah Jane did not enjoy living nearly as much as most cats.

Sarah Jane, having sniffed the air and washed her face, settled herself comfortably to have a gossip with Tabby Brown, who belonged to an old maid living next door.

"Well, Sarah," inquired Tabby, "what is the news?"

"My dear, haven't you heard?" replied Sarah Jane, "that our cook has been sent to the hospital with smallpox? Every one in the hotel is scared, because you know, Sarah, in our town we never have many visits from that dreadful disease. I heard one man say to-day, 'Confound it, that means just to show him how much he was jumped high and swore 'blue blazes,' and I heard him say, 'Cats! Cats! down them or shoot them, they are dangerous and carry germs!'"

"It has made me nervous, very nervous. A nice young man, however, stroked me down and smoothed my fur and my temper also, in fact he was very kind. He's a traveling agent."

"Traveling agent?" mused Tabby, "my dear, blinked Tabby, 'at least my old lady says they're not.'" "But this one is, Tabby, a fine young man, tall and handsome, with dark hair and eyes of grey; oh, he's a dear, perhaps traveling has made his heart nice and large—it does do that, you know, dear! Really, he was so kind I wanted to climb and sit on his knee just to show him how much he was appreciated, but unfortunately it is not comfortable, as it is not like sitting on a woman's lap, so I only rubbed myself against his legs to let the old man see I had some friends."

"Dear me," purred Tabby, drawing herself up, "I wonder if it is safe to sit here, there is no peace I declare. If we go down in the yard the ass man is sure to come round, and if we go in the street those horrid boys are sure to see us and use a catapult, then those beastly dogs may tease us; I am sure Kipling was very mean to make a dog follow us all our life."

"But my dear, that was only the wild cat from the wet wildwood, and all people are sure to be kind, and I'm sure they're not all alike to us; I'd rather stay on the fence."

"Oh, by the way," inquired Sarah, "do you know who lives in that pretty house with the roof garden? Some times a very handsome girl comes out to water the flowers; they bob their heads and bend their green leaves knowingly towards her to thank her for the kind attention."

"They're not as green as they look," mused Tabby, drawing herself up after the manner of a tribe, prepared to make her toilet.

"Now that cook has gone away, and we're in quarantine, life is very dull, and everyone is so cross and disagreeable that I hate going in. However, there is an aching void, Tabby, and I must see if there is anything to eat."

So along went Sarah Jane in the direction of the ladder. In through the kitchen window jumped puss, already being a most independent animal she helped herself to anything she fancied, from the cream in the jug to a leg of mutton and a fat chicken that was left carelessly uncovered. The mutton was dragged to the floor and away sneaked Sarah with the chosen morsel to a comfortable mat in the hall. She was just finishing the tastiest bit near the bone when the door opened that the mat belonged to and out came Sarah's worst enemy, the grumpy old man. The very carpet trembled as with a whirl Sarah Jane flew down the stairs. What her feelings were can be imagined, for cats have feelings you know. The remembrance of that last delicious mouthful made Sarah lick her whiskers carefully. She never noticed before what large feet old grumpy had, and thoughts of bidding a fond farewell to her hotel life on the morrow rose vividly before her; but she very wisely kept away from everyone next day, for if the object of annoyance is removed, there is a chance of everything being forgotten, thought puss.

Out she went, but, in spite of the faint mew that rent the air, nowhere could Tabby be found. Over the side of the house many cats were seen, but alas!—no Tabby. A very narrow fence was followed and in the very narrowest place a cat was encountered. Very promptly Sarah Jane's tail grew in proportion to her wrath, and up went her back, while

she carefully scanned her foe. "Oh, indeed," said a wet, bedraggled cat, "so you don't know me? It's the way of the world, when a cat is down, down her! Sarah's tail became smooth and her hump went flat. "It's never you, Tabby Brown," inquired Sarah in a surprised voice, "what have you been doing? Jump off this fence and tell me all about it."

"I can't remember exactly how it happened," answered Tabby, "but when you went in to dinner I settled myself on a window-ledge to have a nap until you returned, when up went a window and out came many heads. Old Grumpy was the first I recognized. Everyone screamed 'There's the thief!' and before I had time to discover myself down came some water in a regular deluge, and a stick hit me, too, so here I am as you see; no wonder you didn't know me, Sarah." Sarah's conscience spoke, but in her selfishness she was thankful that they had not caught the right cat. Purred she, "It is what a cat must put up with, and is this a cat-paw I've made of my friend?"

While Tabby washed, Sarah listened to her story of how the pretty girl had taken her in and given her some milk, calling her a poor, starved animal, so you see it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. "Puss! Puss!" called a voice, and the agent appeared at the window. Sarah Jane gladly accepted the invitation to go in, and sit down near a comfortable fire while the nice young man smoked his pipe. "Oh puss!" soliloquized the man, "how I wish I could walk on the fence, over to see that pretty girl in the garden. I can only worship at a distance and gaze at her from the house-top; when, when will these fourteen days be over?" Puss felt really sorry for the poor fellow, who was evidently in love, and showed her sympathy by climbing up his shoulder. They soon became fast friends, and many happy hours were spent near the fireside, until the embers' glow turned to grey and the night came down.

Days went by, and the end of all things fast approached. One day after the fourteen had passed poor puss heard that the agent was packing his trunks, and the truth of it all forced itself upon Sarah cruelly when she heard him ask for a cab to take him to 72 Victoria street. There was great caterwauling as the agent left the hotel, and puss received a few parting strokes sadly as the agent said good-bye.

Life again became absolutely monotonous, but the cloud was fast breaking. One day Sarah and Tabby were again on the house-tops discussing the prospects of a new stringed orchestra, as a near relation had just died, when a familiar voice called to him, looking in the direction of the sound, puss saw to her joy the agent with the pretty girl in the garden.

"Well, I'm blowed!" Sarah excitedly exclaimed, "didn't I tell you he was in love?" "Why," began Tabby with an 'in-the-know' air, "haven't you heard how it all happened. Well! Your friend the agent came in a large stateroom from England and meant to stay only a day in this town; he brought a letter of introduction to 72 Victoria street, and all the time never knew that seventy-two belonged to his friend's relations when he was here. There is to be a wedding now, and I heard him tell the pretty girl that the smallpox had not prevented him leaving; he would have missed meeting her because she was away; so it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." And he said: "What about the cat?"

"Cat?" said Sarah, "did he really?" "Yes, Sarah, I heard him say he wanted to take you with them, and all about a show to be held in Toronto." "Oh, Tabby, is it me, dear?" I would be a show after living in this atmosphere, and I hear there are to be all sorts of fancy cats. All I can think of is to cut my tail, they may think I'm a Manx!"

The hotel has lost a cat, but Sarah Jane is in a cataleptic fit of delight with the prospect of living in Canada and attending the Cat Show.



Lady Gay's Column

One of the amiable weaknesses which often grows to the dignity of a sin is that of partisanship, and it is particularly the pitfall of woman-kind, whose ideals are like Jonah's gourd, springing up in a night and overshadowing clear vision. One is liable any day to bump into such a claver as ensued the other day on mention of a social feud. Every-thing views on the matter, and soon the ranks of the Guelphs and the Gordons were clearly distinct, and, even more than with men, principles were apt very soon to be superseded by persons. If one sufficiently love such an one the trifling facts that he is false to his pledges, tricky with his obligations, unreliable every way, will for ages be overlooked and blinked at because he is he. One sees this every day in the larger walks of life, in the public ways. And behind the "jaunty" of the bourgeois it is the same. 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And behind the "jaunty" of the bourgeois it is the same. A woman whom one loves and finds pleasant to the eye, may do things of which a homely sister would not dare to dream, and we excuse her and pet her, and put blinkers on our sense of right and wrong, denying our knowledge of good and evil in her behalf. The handsome and rich and debonaire sin gaily and even more than with men, principles are apt very soon to be superseded by persons. If one sufficiently love such an one the trifling facts that he is false to his pledges, tricky with his obligations, unreliable every way, will for ages be overlooked and blinked at because he is he. One sees this every day in the larger walks of life, in the public ways. And behind the "jaunty



THE SPANISH MARRIAGE

THE recently-arranged match between Princess Ena of Battenburg and King Alfonso of Spain does not seem to meet with the approval of the British public, and John Bull is not usually slow in making his disapproval manifest. A year ago King Alfonso's probable engagement to the Princess Patricia, the younger daughter of the Duke of Connaught, was referred to by several English papers, but it was stated then by a London journalist who professed to know that it was quite absurd to suggest such a betrothal, since the King of Spain must marry a princess who had been born "in the faith." A mere convert to Roman Catholicism would not do. The lady must be in very truth, "a child of the Church." However, it looks as if the conversion of Princess Ena were to be followed by her marriage to the King of Spain, when a niece of King Edward VII. will become the queen of a Catholic court. She is a less important princess than her cousin, the Princess Patricia, and the income of the Princess Henry of Battenburg is very modest for a member of the royal family, and quite insignificant in comparison with New York fortunes.

Spanish marriages have usually been unpopular with the British public. To go "away far back," there was luckless Catherine of Aragon, who was neglected and finally divorced by Henry VIII. Although the lady's Spanish solemnity had not endeared her to England, the misfortunes and injustice suffered by the first of Henry's six wives aroused sympathy in both dramatist and historian. Perhaps the most utterly unpopular alliance was that of Mary Tudor to Philip of Spain, and Philip seems to have returned the dislike with energy. He hated England with truly southern fervor and showed his fanatical and unfortunate wife little regard. His neglect of Mary was avenged with thoroughness by her half-sister, the strenuous Elizabeth, who foisted Philip to the top of his bent and coquetted with him in fashion that is amusing, if not edifying, to read about.

It was Philip's representative who had the most unhappy time during the negotiations, and this bewildered man finally sent word to his master, "This woman has a hundred thousand devils." Elizabeth had no qualms about accepting the jewels which Sir Francis Drake had taken from the galleons of Spain, and it must have been maddening to the autocratic Philip to discover that his protests were being quietly ignored and the freebooter was having "all sorts of honors" conferred upon him, even to the accolade.

Then the stormy days of the Armada expedition came, and it looked as if a marriage between members of the royal families of England and Spain would not be dreamed of for many a generation. However, in the following reign James I. was so impetuous as to propose a Spanish match for his son Charles, thereby arousing a public opposition that almost amounted to a riot. Charles, who shares with Mary Queen of Scots the name of being the most ill-fated of the Stuarts, had for his boon companion the vivacious and indiscreet Duke of Buckingham, and when it was proposed that the prince should wed the daughter of the Spanish king, the two young men undertook an expedition to Madrid by way of adventure. They sought an interview with the princess, but the Spanish court etiquette was too strict to allow of such philandering, and the story is told that when Charles and Buckingham undertook to scale the stone wall and meet the Infanta in the garden, that extremely decorous young person screamed and ran away to the shelter of the palace. Deeply incensed, the young prince returned to England and the match was broken off in a manner insulting to Castilian pride, but highly pleasing to the fervent Protestants of England. There was an enmity between the two countries in the early part of the reign of Charles I., which led to the foolish expedition to Cadiz, about which the doggerel lines were written:

"There was a fleet which went to Spain;
When it got there, it came back again."

So Charles had the French princess, Henrietta Maria, for his queen, and the Spanish lady no doubt had reason to congratulate herself on escap-

ing a marriage with a monarch who finally lost his head.

The House of Hanover introduced a fashion of German alliances which has come down to the present, the majority of Queen Victoria's children having followed their mother's example and chosen or accepted a spouse from the "Fatherland." In fact, the Princess Louise was the only one of King Edward's five sisters who refrained from a German alliance. There are doubtless German princelings among whom Princess Ena might choose a husband, but better is a king in Spain than the ruler over a duchy in the land of the Rhine. Then poor Alfonso and his royal mother must have found themselves in difficulties over the choice of a queen. She must be of royal blood, she must be of the Church of Rome. Neither in France nor Austria was the desired maiden to be found, and in Belgium and Germany those of the required faith were not of adequate rank. England remained and, as has been stated, the rumor pointed to Princess Patricia. Rumor also whispers in a stage fashion that the young lady was too sprightly to enjoy the prospect of the Spanish court and was also unwilling to become a communicant of the Roman Catholic Church.

There is a rather interesting reason given for Princess Ena's willingness to become a Roman Catholic, aside altogether from her prospective marriage. She has always been a favorite with the aged ex-Empress Eugenie, herself of Spanish blood and, of course, a devout Catholic. Of all the dramatic careers in the nineteenth century none is more striking than that of the woman who, less than forty years ago, held one of the most dazzling positions in Europe. She was exceedingly fond of the Princess Beatrice, and it was believed that if Prince Imperial had returned in safety from the Zulu wars he would have received Queen Victoria's consent to his marriage with her youngest daughter. But the only son of Napoleon III. and Eugenie died fighting for England, and his mother in time extended her fond interest to the daughter of Princess Beatrice, the young girl who is to become the bride of King Alfonso in May. The sad story and the devout religion of the ex-Empress are of a nature to make a strong appeal to a generous and romantic girl and there is strong foundation for the belief that for years Princess Ena has desired to enter the Roman Catholic Church.

Only the ultra-Protestants of England have uttered any public protest against the marriage, and it is not likely that their opinions will be heeded. The insinuation that the affections of Princess Ena are concerned and that a change of religion has therefore come readily is treated with polite incredulity by the press, which is slow to believe that Cupid is fond of high society. This is a case where crowns, not hearts, are trumps, and the Princess Ena is credited with being of the opinion of Henry of Navarre, who considered Paris "well worth a mass." It may be remembered that years ago, when the engagement of Miss Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough was announced, a certain English journal was unkind enough to add: "Wherever the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Judging from the pictures of the two young royalties which have frequently appeared in the magazines of late, neither can be described as remarkably handsome. The Princess Ena looks rather mature for so youthful a bride, and has a countenance of traditional Teutonic heaviness, but is possessed of the wholesome, healthy attractiveness known to English gentlewomen. King Alfonso was very delicate in his childhood, and his condition was a source of State anxiety as there was just the life of this frail boy to keep the Carlists in the background. To his mother the young monarch probably owes his present health, for her care was unremitting and her wisdom unerring. He has become an enthusiastic sportsman and is considered an excellent shot. But he is decidedly modern in his tastes, the automobile tour being his favorite form of exercise. He is, however, a frantic chauffeur, and sends his car along at a rate that has more than once landed him in trouble in democratic communities. It seems difficult for him to understand that there are limits to the rate at which even a royal "devil-wagon" should travel. He is not the "Prince Charming" of the fairy tales, being possessed of a sallow complexion, very much of a nose and not enough of a chin. But even princes cannot have regular features, as a royal prerogative; and a large nose, we are informed, means ambition, distinction and various other good things.

The marriage, according to English authorities, is to be celebrated in Madrid in the month of May, where Princess Ena is to be received into the church of her bridegroom's faith. It will probably be a ceremony of great stateliness, for Spain, although she has lost Cuba and sold the Philippines, has still the "courtly grace" which Tennyson grudgingly admits in the story of "The Revenge." May is considered an unlucky month in England, and probably none but those who hold sterner to the traditions of "Westward Ho!" will look with great disfavor on the alliance between the niece of Edward the Peace-Maker and Alfonso of Spain.

PETTICOATS AND POLITICS.

PROMINENT Canadian politician, who has recently been concerned in one of the unpleasant little conflicts to which men of his proclivities are subject, was asked if his wife did not sympathize with him in the fight.

"Not at all. She says it serves me right for going into politics. She was always opposed to my running for office, and is delighted because I have promised to give it up."

"Why is it," asked a friend, "that women have such a dread of political life? My wife has a nervous dread of my going into politics, and nearly took a fit when I was asked to run for the Dominion. I believe she'd rather see me go to war."

"Because the Boers fight more fairly than the newspapers on the other side."

"But in Canada, the political fight is not made improperly personal. There is very rarely an attempt at sordid slander. It's a political contest, purely, but somehow women don't like it."

"I believe the cartoons are the real objection," said a very young political aspirant. "A woman hates to see a man she cares anything about made ridiculous. Women like the picturesque, and that's the reason soldiers are so popular. But to see one's worse half appearing as a cook or a waiter or a pugilist in some wretched caricature is something a wife can't endure. Then, women take the whole matter seriously, and can't see that it is only a game and that the other fellow doesn't mean half that he is saying."

"That reminds me," said a member from the west, "of the first time I ran. I was beaten by Jack Beatty, who was a very good chap even if he was a little to explain that I didn't mean anything by my anti-Beatty rhetoric and that we were really on more than speaking terms."

I recalled a passage in the best novel that Paul Leicester Ford wrote, "The Honorable Peter Stirling," which told of how the wily Peter used to encourage his pretty little sweetheart to read all the bitterest attacks on him, because the perusal had the effect of making her all the more affectionate towards him in the endeavor to make up for the attacks by those "perfectly horrid papers." It is not to be disputed that women discourage political ambition on the part of their men relatives and regard with a jealous eye the various election activities which are hardly compatible with domestic comfort. Political contests mean abuse, ridicule, expense and toil. They also mean a wear and tear of nerves and temper, of which the home often has to bear the brunt. Politics is an absorbing game, but in the eyes of women it is not a game worth the candle that must be burned at both ends when one plays to win.

"English women," said a Canadian who has returned to his native land after an exciting six months in the Old Land, "are really well informed about politics. When an English woman sets out to talk about the Education Act and fiscal reform, she knows her subject and is worth listening to. It's a great mistake to suppose that the British women who have taken such an interest in the late elections are of the dowdy type. It's just the reverse. They are most of them as witty and well-dressed as they are intelligent, and employ their gowns and good looks in the campaign as well as their arguments. There's nothing of the old-fashioned, blue-stocking about them at all. Of course, it's amusing it rather strong when the Countess of Warwick talks Socialism."

"It's enough to make the old 'King-maker' turn in his grave," said an ex-school-teacher.

"There is a great deal to be said against politics, I suppose," said the member from the west, "but, after all, someone must go into it, and the candidate cannot always be a bachelor. It's queer that when men go to a football match and enjoy it, even when the players get hurt, but the minute an election is mentioned they put up a protest."

"The football players are not cartooned and attacked in the press. Besides the mud they accumulate doesn't stick," said the youthful aspirant.

"But women like to get in the papers. Look at how pleased they are when their gowns and pink teas are written up. It's the ambition of many a woman to be called 'a char' by the hostesses."

"Yes, but those are the chocolate creams of journalism. No woman likes to pick up a paper and see a perfectly hideous picture of her husband or read an article which makes one that in comparison with him Ananias was a mere amateur. All is vanity, but the vainest of vanity is politics. You lose money, time, sleep and sometimes digestion," concluded a man who had retired; "a woman knows what she is doing when she declares, 'Don't let me catch you going into politics.' She is acting as a domestic Minister of Finance when she sets up an Opposition."

Interviewing the Sultan.

An interview with the Sultan of Turkey has its amusing side. That monarch is not supposed officially to know any language but his own. An interpreter thunders his majesty's questions at the visitor, then cringes with awe as he listens to the words of his royal master. The contrast is close to the ridiculous. At the conclusion of the interview the Sultan rises and says quietly in the visitor's language or in French: "Now that our business is over, will you join me in my study and have a cup of coffee?"—New York "Tribune."

Anecdotal

A worthy farmer, having gone to London by an excursion, was walking down Oxford street filling his pipe with tobacco. He had just replaced his pouch in his pocket when a boy ran up to him and said, "Matches, sir?" The farmer coolly took a match, lit his pipe, gave the box back to the boy, and passed on remarking, "What a wonderful place Lunnnon is!"

Pat and Mike were playing a game of cards in a saloon, and Pat kept looking at the clock. Mike said, "And faith, what are you looking at the clock for?" "Every time that clock ticks," Pat replied, "J. D. Rockefeller makes \$10." Mike dropped his cards and jumped on the table, "What in faith are you going to do?" asked Pat. "I am going to stop the clock," answered Mike.

A milkman in a country town was brought before the local court to answer a charge of adulteration of milk. "You are charged," said the judge, "with a most serious offense, of selling adulterated milk. Have you anything to say in answer to the charge?" "Well, your honor," replied the milkman, "the night before it was raining very hard, and the only cause I can give is the cow must have got wet through."

A friend of Maurice Barrymore relates an incident of his last meeting with the brilliant actor, which occurred only a short time before his faculties began to fail. As they were parting, the newspaper man asked the other: "Where are you to be found nowadays—at the Players?" "No," replied Barrymore; "I'm posted at the Players, but you can always find me at the Lambs. As a matter of fact," he added, whimsically, "I'm posted at the Lambs, too, but they temper the wind there."

Mr. Briefem, the most famous K. C. of his day, had retired from practice for good and all, and most people were content that it should be so. He bought a fine plot of land and had a magnificent house built upon it. But now came an important point. What should he call the house? It was a very puzzling question, and though he pondered it night and day a successful solution evaded him. As a last resort he wrote to a brother lawyer begging a suggestion for a suitable name. In due course the reply came: "Dear Briefem," it ran, "what is wrong with 'Dunrobin'?"

Two Covent Garden porters were discussing the successful tour of the New Zealand Rugby team in England. One of them, anxious to know where New Zealand was and not being quite sure about it, turned to his pal and said, "Bill, where is this 'ere New Zealand where those blokes come from?" "Why," said his friend, "you ought to know where it is. It's the other side of Australia. What d'yer want to know for?" "Nothin' much," returned the man, "only I was thinkin' 'ow cold it must be down there. W'y that's the place where we gits all the frozen sheep from."

Soon after four in the morning the husband returned home in the usual state of intoxication. He was lucky in getting the key to fit the lock at the tenth try, but as he literally climbed the stairs an unfortunate side-slip arrested his progress. When he reached the bedroom his wife, whose tongue was fond of exercise, gave a prolonged exhibition of shrewish oratory. In conclusion she lamented the fate that had tied her to a man who came home at four in the morning. "My dear," expostulated the husband, "it's only one o'clock. Just now I heard it strike one several times mosht distinctly."

Even in the days when he found it difficult to earn a living, Oscar Wilde never laid aside his supercilious manner. It was exercised once upon a duke, and cost Wilde a lucrative post. The duke wanted a tutor for his two sons, and Wilde was recommended. He called, the duke examined him, and seemed favorably impressed. But he was a very great duke, with a very high opinion of himself, and his manner grated on Wilde. The last question he asked the young man was: "And would you—would you expect to eat with the family?" "That," Wilde answered, "would depend altogether on how the family behaved at meals."

A well-known artist was once employed upon a sacred picture. A very handsome old model named Smith sat for the head of St. Mark. Artist and model became great friends, but when the picture was finished, they lost sight of one another. One day, however, the artist, wandering about the Zoological Gardens, came upon his old model, with a broom in his hand, looking very disconsolate. "Hallo, Smith," said he, "you don't look very cheery. What are you doing now?" "Well, I ain't doin' much, sir, and that's a fact. I'm engaged in these 'ere gardens a-cleanin' hout the hehephants' stables; a nice occupation for one o' the twelve apostles, ain't it, sir?"

After much persuasion, Sir John Astley allowed himself to be put forward, some years ago, as a Conservative candidate for Parliament from Lincolnshire. He confessed he knew little about politics, but entered into the campaign as rare sport. One day he addressed a meeting of electors, at a village in the Isle of Axholme, and when he had finished, boldly challenged his hearers to fire questions at him. Presently there came the query: "What do you think of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's liquor bill?" For a moment Sir John was non-plussed, but only for a moment. Pulling himself together, he replied: "I cannot answer for Sir Wilfrid Lawson's liquor bill, but I do know that last year my own was a deuced sight too big!"



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THE Mendelssohn Choir closed their music festival on Saturday evening last to a large audience as that which greeted them on the opening night, which means that there were no vacant seats in any part of the auditorium. The total attendance at the four concerts may be pretty closely estimated at thirteen thousand five hundred. In the afternoon the Pittsburgh Orchestra gave a special recital of choice instrumental music, and again demonstrated their fine qualities as a concert orchestra, and the immense advance they have made under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur. Their selections included the overture to "Oberon," the fifth symphony of Tchaikovsky, the "Love Scene" from Richard Strauss's Feuersnagel, and the Funeral March and Siegfried's Rhine Journey from Wagner's "Die Gotterdammerung." The only solo was the Andante from Paur's violin concerto in E minor, an interesting composition, ably played by Mr. Luigi von Kunits. At the evening concert the Mendelssohn Choir were in their best form, and the programme, while being of high-class merit, proved to be the most popular of the series. Mendelssohn's Psalm Ninety Eight, for double choir and orchestra, Brahms' "Dear Canst Thou Tell" (first time in Toronto), Bridge's romance, "Bold Turpin," Sydney Thomson's charming "Love Like a Beggar" (first time), and the March and Chorus from "Carmen," this latter with orchestra, constituted the programme selections. As encores the choir gave Gounod's motette, "By Babylon's Wave," which was once more a superb illustration of unaccompanied singing, "Scots Wha Hae," which was rendered with electric fire and grand sonority, and Palestrina's "Adoramus Te." The orchestra contributed Bougault-Ducoudray's symphonic poem (first time), "The Burial of Ophelia," a beautiful example of soft and richly varied instrumentation; Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre," Schumann's "Traumerei," and Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," the most beautiful, the most engaging, of all the orchestral numbers. Mr. Henry Bransen, an accomplished cellist, played Tchaikovsky's Variations, Op. 33.

Just as this page is going to press I hear that all the seats for the joint concert of the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra in Buffalo have been sold. The concert, which was fixed for Thursday, was too late in the week for notice this week.

John F. Runciman, the London critic, has turned his attention to church music. Here is a summary of his views:

As for the Church of England, its music is, I fear, past mending. That our service was meant entirely to be spoken, I do not quite believe. At the time when our prayer-book was being put into shape there was a movement not wholly Puritan on foot in England. That movement arose out of a desire to have a more accurate declamation of the words. In the sixteenth century we English were far ahead of all other nations in music, and our forebears had an idea which was not revived until a Richard Wagner arrived nearly a hundred years ago. Instead of long rouds they determined to have one-word-one-note. This desire is manifest in the secular as well as the sacred music of the period. The movement came too soon, and not unlikely coincided with that fell apparition, Puritanism. It spoiled our church service; the thing was crystallized, gealed, petrified, before our musical had mastered a new technique; and in its stupid, brutal stage remained ever since. Later on there was a reaction, but it came too late; and even if it had not come too late there came one Herr Handel to reassure us by his example that our way of writing church music was the best.

But the case of the Church of Rome is different. Her music has never become petrified; even the differences between the various schools show its elasticity. In London, plain-song, full masses and motets can be heard beautifully sung at least fifty-two times per annum. In France, where they reduce everything to rule, one cannot hear anything of the sort. Generally speaking, the music of the church here is ignoble, far below that of the theater. So England has her small revenge. If our theatre music is lower than that of the French, a more serious music than that of the theater stands much higher.

Douglas Bertram will give a piano recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall on March 6th. The programme, devoted mainly to Beethoven, is to include the C major Sonata, Op. 53. As novelties will be heard an Etude by Poldini and a Scherzo by the pianist, D'Albert.

Mr. A. S. Vogt has sent in his formal resignation as organist and choir-master of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, a position he has occupied with honor since 1888. He has not only elevated the choir to the leading position in Canada as a body of trained church singers, but by the dignity and beauty of his services of praise has done much by force of example to raise the whole standard of church choir singing in Toronto. In fact the influence of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church under his régime has extended to many cities and towns outside Toronto. The loss to the church by his retirement will be great.

It is possible that the programme for the Mendelssohn Choir festival for next year will include a second performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and a repeat of the production in New York by the choir and

the Pittsburgh Orchestra. I understand that this project is the ambition of Mr. Emil Paur, so enthusiastic is he over the singing of the Mendelssohn. I cordially hope that the suggestion will be found capable of realization. The singing of the choir would, I think, surprise even some of the blasé critics of the American metropolis.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones, whose name has been associated as director with the Canadian and American tours of some of the world's leading musical attractions, and who, for the past two years, has been managing the Watkin Mills concert on two tours of the Maritime Provinces and Eastern States two talented young Canadian ladies, Miss Georgie Turner, violinist of Montreal, a pupil of Marteau, French violin virtuoso, and Miss Irene Weaver, reader, of Toronto, a pupil of Mr. Owen A. Smily. Miss Turner, before going abroad to study, made a considerable impression in Eastern Canada as violinist with the Jarvis Smily and Cushing Childs Concert Company, and her teacher predicts great things for her. Miss Weaver has been appearing in a number of Ontario towns and cities since her professional debut at Association Hall last October, and as principal member of the Weaver-Stone Concert Company has been acquiring a reputation as a pleasing and capable elocutionary entertainer. Mr. Spencer Jones will be the pianist of the company, which will be known as the Turner-Weaver-Jones Concert Trio. The tour will open in April, and the Montreal, where Miss Turner has already established herself as a soloist, will be the first point on the tour.

Mr. Charles E. Clarke has been meeting with decided success throughout the season with Leona Jackson, the violinist. The company has now been on nineteen weeks, and has just returned from a trip through California, Oregon and the Western States. The "World-Herald," Omaha, Neb., says: "Charles E. Clarke, baritone, has a voice which should some day give him recognition throughout the country as a grand opera singer. It would be difficult to find a singer with clearer enunciation, with a more appealing tone quality and of such easy and fluent modulations."

A representative of the "Echo de Paris" has been investigating the report that Paderewski has decided to retire altogether from public life. He called at the great pianist's chateau near Lausanne, in Switzerland, where he was confronted by a stern, solemn and imposing valet, and the informant that no journalist was ever allowed to cross the threshold. How low to cross the threshold of the Polish virtuoso, he learned that Paderewski is in excellent health, and may be expected to make his public reappearance shortly. In Switzerland, Paderewski leads a hermit's life, with the important distinction that he practices the piano ten or twelve hours a day. He has almost finished the score of an opera, and has composed several pianoforte pieces. In his study he has a picture gallery of royal photographs, every one signed; in his garden he grows wonderful grapes, which find ready sale on the Paris boulevards; and in his park he has several prize sheep of the Sandringham breed, presented to him by King Edward.

The sum of 15,000 marks has so far been raised for preserving the house at Eisenach in which Bach was born. The price of the house is 30,000 marks, and another 15,000 will be needed to convert it into a Bach Museum. Contributions may be sent to Professor Dr. Joseph Joachim in Berlin, or Dr. Oscar von Haase (care of Breitkopf & Hartel), Leipzig.

For the past five months the Toronto Choral Union has been rehearsing diligently for the concert in Massey Hall, on Thursday, March 1st, and the results of the past months of preparation are very manifest, ensuring a fine rendering of the many novelties to be heard for the first time in Toronto. The programme to be given is one of unusual merit, as a perusal of the appended selections will show: "The Miller's Wooing," Fanning (by request), the Toronto Choral Union and the orchestra; solos, (a) "By the Shore," Chaminade; (b) "War ich nicht ein Halm," Lschaiwowski, Mme. Shanna Cumming; "Chorus of Angels," unaccompanied, The Toronto Choral Union; "Serenade," Moszkowski, the Orchestra; "Serenade," Neidinger, unaccompanied, Mme. Shanna Cumming and Toronto Choral Union; "A Love Symphony," Damsch, men's voices of the Toronto Choral Union; aria, Waltz Song (Dolce Amer), Pizzi, Mme. Shanna Cumming; "Peggy," Neidinger, women's voices of the Toronto Choral Union; "The Omnipotence," Schubert, Mme. Shanna Cumming and Toronto Choral Union and orchestra; "A Laughing Song," Franz Abt, the men's voices of Toronto Choral Union; solos, (a) "The Rose Leans Over the Pool," Chadwick; and (b) "Song of Sunshine," Goring Thomas, Mme. Shanna Cumming; "Ave Maria," Arkadelt, unaccompanied, the Toronto Choral Union; opera, "Loreley," Mendelssohn; (a) "Ave Maria," (b) "A Vintage Song," (c) "Finale to Act I," Mme. Shanna Cumming, Toronto Choral Union and orchestra.

The Trinity College Club, an organization of twenty-eight members, directed by Mr. Francis Coombs, gave their first annual concert in Convocation Hall of Trinity on Tuesday evening before a large audience. The club at this, their initial appearance, made a very favorable impression,

singing with good, mellow tone quality and with surprising musical merit for so young a society. In such selections as Abt's "Ave Maria," "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" (an encore number), Neidinger's "Indian Serenade" and Sullivan's "The Beleguered," to say nothing of Bishop's jolly song, "Myneer Vandunk," they received liberal applause. The soloists assisting were Mr. Harry M. Field, pianist; Miss Helen Davies, soprano, and Miss Kate Archer, violinist, who contributed a number of choice selections, each winning a distinctive triumph. Mr. Coombs may be congratulated on what he has accomplished in so short a time, and we may expect to hear more from his club in the near future.

After the most gratifying and successful season, musically and financially, that the Sherlock Oratorio Society have yet had, the season will be closed with an At Home in St. George's Hall on Wednesday of next week. This function promises to be quite as satisfactory and enjoyable in its way as was the concert last month, which means a delightful evening. Refreshments will be provided and a programme of superior merit presented, including such talent as Miss Mabel Manley, Miss Emma T. Irons, the Sherlock Male Quartette, the Crescent Male Quartette and other accomplished entertainers. The At Home will be followed at an early date by the annual meeting of the society for the election of officers and organization upon a better basis for the season of 1906-7.

After the Mendelssohn Choir concert on Saturday evening a few members of the Pittsburgh Orchestra were entertained by the officers and teachers of the Model School of Music at the school in Beverley street. Violin and cello solos, string quartets and piano selections, by Messrs. DeBacker, Lund, Lorenz and Ruhoff of the orchestra, interspersed with songs by Mrs. Leonora James-Kennedy of the school staff, made up a delightful hour of music. Refreshments were served, and the hour for parting came all too soon.

At the recital in the Central Methodist Church this (Saturday) afternoon, Mr. Blakeley will play Mendelssohn's Fairy Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Clock" movement, Guilmant's "Funeral March and Seraphic Hymn," as well as his own Irish Fantasia and other popular numbers. Master Gooch will sing Rossini's "Cujus Animam," and the trio of boys give selections.

The Sherlock Concert Company, composed of Emma T. Irons, elocutionist; Mabel Manley, soprano, and J. M. Sherlock, tenor, gave one of their popular programmes in Streetsville on Monday evening of this week to a crowded house. During the next few weeks engagements will be filled in Brampton, Brantford, Midland, Kingston, North Bay, Huntsville and Parry Sound.

The pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker will give a vocal recital in the theater of the Normal School on Wednesday evening, March 7th. Invitations may be had at the Bell piano warerooms, 146 Yonge street.

The Model School of Music has recently been incorporated with Mr. Frank Denton, K.C., D.C.L., as president, and the following well-known gentlemen as directors: Dr. W. Pakenham, W. F. Rutley, C. H. Mortimer and C. H. Bishop. Mr. A. D. Waste continues as secretary. The reorganization insures the further and better development of this school. CHURUBINO.

Remembrance.

The flower you gave repose
Where Love's dear relics are;
It sleeps among the roses,
Shut in a crimson jar,
Whose lifted lid discloses
The dreamer red and white,
From whose sweet lips
The fragrance slips,
Recalling dead delight.

The love you gave in token
Of all the happy years,
Fond words by fond lips spoken,
Joy's kisses, and tears—
Alas! the heart is broken,
That holds them, yet they lie
In slumber there,
Still sweet and fair,
And shall until I die!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in "Smart Set."

Senior (to photographer)—Which way shall I turn my eye?
Photographer—Toward that sign, please. (Sign reads: "Terms cash.")
—Cornell Widow.

"He carved out his own fortune."
"Nonsense! He married it." "Well, he had to cut out a lot of other fellows, didn't he?"—Ex.

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THIS store has won such an imperial standing in regard to dress goods that any pronouncement which we may make at the beginning of a season will be very widely and quite safely taken as an authoritative.

If there is any emphasis to be laid upon one particular statement of ours this Spring of 1906, that statement is this—

Grey tweeds will be the suitings par excellence for the coming season and this store has an unrivalled stock of them.

We show practically unlimited choice of makes and weaves, and weights and solid shades and fancy mixtures in this great predominating color—if color it can be called—for 1906. Solid greys with overchecks, invisible checks in graduating shades of grey, the new "Queen's Grey," greys included with the new pastel shades, pale heliotrope, pale blues, pale greens, etc., greys with black, greys with white in various sized checks, white jacquered grounds with black checks, visible and "invisible," etc., etc.

These suitings are produced by the very best manufacturers, the qualities are guaranteed and many of the combinations of weave and shade are absolutely exclusive to this store.

A splendidly comprehensive range of these suitings is included within the reasonable price of 85c. and \$1.00 per yard, 52 and 54 inches wide.

Black Goods Also, as Always

For black goods there will always be a staple demand. We have long given the most earnest attention to the procuring of blacks of the most irreproachable dyes. We claim very strongly that our values in black dress goods are the very best offering in Canada. This Spring's stock forms no exception—quite the contrary.

We have made special arrangements to give you the biggest values we have ever given you in black goods, black goods specially selected, black goods guaranteed, black goods which will not fade, all pure wool, first choice goods only. We enumerate a few of the different weaves:

All-wool Armures, all-wool Santos, all-wool Crepe Santos, all-wool Poplins, Coating Twills, French Serges and Venetians, dull and bright Cash Crispines, Panama and Canvas Weaves, 42, 44 and 46 inches wide. Special value at 69c. per yd.

Creams for this season are and will be fashionable.

Cream Mohair Suitings in the bright, sheer, silky finish in the fine Mohair and Sicilian weaves. QUALITY GUARANTEED. 44 and 46 inches wide. Special at 48c. a yd.

These special values now on display in our Dress Goods Department.

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The Other's Sins.

Ontario is not the only part of the Empire in which the regulation of the liquor traffic is a live issue. In old Glasgow the problem of intemperance is being attacked with enthusiasm. All applaud save those for whose benefit the new regulations have been thought out. To these the reformers seem rather like the man who insisted upon seeing Lord Althorp when that excellent man was Chancellor of the British Exchequer, but in need at the time of the favorable consideration of his constituents, of whom the caller happened to be one. "My Lord, I want very much to know whether there be beer-shops in going to be put down," said the visitor. "Oh, no," was the

reply, "not put down, but placed under proper restrictions—no more monopoly." The man was not satisfied; his mind was troubled. "Restrictions? I don't reckon nothing of them things. It may be very well; but, you see, I keep a beer-shop myself, and they're very good things in their way; but then, my Lord, there ought to be—only one on 'em in every parish!"

Dora—Cholly proposed to me at the card-party and I accepted him. Nora—So it was you who won the booby prize?—Town Topics.

"So far this dinner has been fearfully bad. Anything else on the bill?" "Imported sausage." "Ah, the worst is yet to come."—Chicago Sun.

There is nothing so good for you these days, to keep Stomach right and Liver active, as

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Of course, you know that. This is just to remind you if you are not feeling "up to the mark."

250 AND 500 A BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Social and Personal.

The enterprise and cleverness of Mrs. Dignam in making the Woman's Art Association Rooms a center of interest has been clearly demonstrated this and last week, when the series of talks on metals, lace, basketry, bookbinding, china, rugs and textiles, with demonstrations in several instances by experts, have crowded the place almost too full. Yesterday afternoon the series closed, and it has proved delightfully interesting. An expert bookbinder demonstrated on last Saturday afternoon, and the fair amateurs had their own work lying about, some dainty and artistic volumes among the lot. A couple of lace-makers, not the sewers of braids together, but the actual making of the braid itself, on pillows with bobbins, fascinated the members with their skill. Some exquisite lace was also shown. On each afternoon tea was daintily served, and the members and their friends have greatly enjoyed the seven afternoons.

Mrs. Ernest Wright (née Steele) of Hamilton was with her parents at the wedding on Tuesday, handsome mother and daughter, side by side, provoking admiring comment. Another handsome couple were Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne, the latter in a white gown and hat, looking particularly well.

The Commodore and officers of the Toronto Canoe Club held their annual dance at McConkey's last night at half-past eight. The patronesses were: Mrs. J. G. Ramsey, Mrs. E. E. King, Mrs. T. D. Bailey, Mrs. G. B. Kealey, Mrs. N. A. Powell, Mrs. M. A. Thomas, Mrs. Joseph Oliver, Mrs. E. A. Blackhall and Mrs. George A. Howell.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have lent Lansdowne House for the St. Patrick's Day sale of the Royal Irish Industries. This will be the thirty-second sale organized by the association, which has been the means of sending £123,000 over to Ireland, and has opened up a market for Irish cottage manufactures all over the world. The beautiful rooms at Lansdowne House will make a most advantageous setting for the attractive lace articles of handicraft and other products of the Irish cotters.

Mr. McPherson, Director of Surveys for the Yukon, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rodrick Bethune, Hill Crest Park, for a few days. Mr. McPherson was a member of the Dawson Rink at the Winnipeg Bonspiel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beecroft have removed from Parkdale to 728 Dovercourt road, and Mrs. Beecroft will receive for the first time on Friday afternoon, March 2nd, from three to six, and afterwards on the fourth Thursday and Friday of the month.

Miss Harriette E. Stephens of Chatham, Ont., is on pension for the winter at 432 Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Steele of Hamilton were the guests of Mrs. Angus Sinclair during their stay in town. Miss Glasco was the guest of Mrs. Hartley Dewar.

With Edna May three nights, Richard Mansfield the other three, and a first-rate bill at Shea's, people have been at no loss for theatrical amusement this week. I wonder if it is the country members who crowd the latter place and hang over the edge of the upstairs boxes so recklessly as to endanger the nerves of the people below, and quite block out the view of the stage from their own neighbors.

Mrs. Frank Anglin went over Tuesday night to Buffalo to spend Wednesday with Margaret Anglin, who was there for a short stay. Judge and Mrs. Anglin were among the guests at the Aylesworth-Burton wedding on Tuesday.

Mrs. Henderson of Gloucester street gave a small tea on Monday afternoon, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Wallis of Halifax. Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. Tom Moss, Mrs. Keating, Miss Agnes Keating, Mrs. Mortimer Bogart, Mrs. Overton Macdonald, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. W. Hargrave, Mrs. Hoskins, Miss Winnifred Bridges, Miss Josephine Smith, Miss Adelaide Moss, Miss Ethel Baldwin, Miss Cartmell and Miss Frances Heron were among the guests.

Mrs. Lally McCarthy has returned from Ottawa. Miss Eva Janes has gone abroad for some time. Mrs. Allan Cassels is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Hugh Lumsden, in Ottawa.

Mrs. Haydn Horsey gave a pretty luncheon on February 15th.

Provost Macklem and Mr. Reginald Pellatt have returned from Europe. Sir Henry Pellatt went to England last week.

Mrs. Parsons of Rosedale gave a very enjoyable tea on Tuesday afternoon. She received in a becoming

gown of grey crepe de Chine, trimmed with white lace. Mrs. Walter Andrews matronized the girls assisting, who were Miss Parsons, daughter of the hostess; Miss Muriel Massey and Miss Muriel Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Fane Sewell are residing in Toronto. They were much welcomed guests at Mrs. Hamilton's on Saturday evening.

At Mrs. Pollman Evan's seven-hand euchre last week the prize-winners were Mrs. Hedley Bond, Mrs. Arthur Denison and Mrs. Cecil Trotter.

Mrs. Arthur Piers of Montreal has been spending a few days with her relative, Mrs. Aemilus Jarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marks of Port Arthur are to occupy No. 35 North Sherbourne street for some time. These two jolly people are always most welcome in Toronto.

Mrs. John Burgess gave a bridge on Saturday afternoon, at which Mrs. and Miss Ansley, Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Mrs. Loring Conolly, Mrs. Spaulding, Misses Proctor and Fenton won the prizes. Tea was served from a table centered with daffodils, smilax and tulle. Mrs. J. P. Whitney, Mrs. J. W. Beaty, Mrs. Dobie, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Miss Alice Kemp, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Mrs. Claude Fox, Mrs. Hubert Watt, Mrs. W. Hamilton Burns, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Florence Sprague, Miss Louise Henderson and Miss Coulson, were among the guests. Mrs. Alec Duncan poured tea, and Mrs. E. H. Duggan coffee; and Miss Bessie McLaren of St. Catharines assisted.

Miss Kerr of Grenville street has just finished a very excellent likeness in miniature on ivory of the late Mrs. Humphrey, sister of Mr. George Sears, which is one of his most prized mementoes of his devoted sister and friend. Another picture in which Miss Kerr has been most fortunate and happy in catching a pleasing effect is one of Mrs. W. R. Riddell, which, I hear, is quite charming.

A Child's Conclusion.

Blanche and Harry, aged five and six respectively, were very fond of maple-sugar.

Blanche, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, asked her mother how it was made.

The mother explained how maple-trees were tapped and the sugar made from the sap.

The explanation was not convincing to Blanche, however, and she asked her brother if he believed it.

Harry, who never doubted anything his mother said, immediately replied, "Why, of course; you tap maple-trees and get maple-sugar just the same as you tap an oak-tree and get tapioca."—Lippincott's.

LOVE'S ASSURANCE.

JACK had promised to come. In spite of the opposition of his father, of his threats, his cruel and heartless words,

Jack had promised to come and see her. She crushed the little note between her fingers as she sat awaiting him in the dimly-lighted drawing-room. He might be here at any moment now. The note said nine o'clock. The big chiming-clock on the mantelpiece was on the point of striking.

How brave he was, how earlier! Her father had dared him to call again, had even threatened him with violence, and Jack had laughed in his face. And when her father in his sternest tones had asked him how he dared to pay his addresses to her, quite in the old-fashioned, conventional manner, Jack had replied, with perfect self-control, that love dares anything, even the stentorian threats of a Director of the Iniquitable Accident Assurance Company. And in answer to her father's brutal allusions to his poverty and total unfitness for business, he had dared him to make a thousand pounds any day of the week. How proud she was of him!

Hark! What was that? Surely the front door had been opened and closed. Could it be he? She rose from the sofa and listened. Yes, here were his footsteps. The drawing-room door was opened eagerly.

"Jack!"

But it was not Jack who stood before her, it was her father. He was breathing heavily, his evening tie was loose, his hair disordered, his fingers still warm and red from recent conflict.

"Father!" she cried. "What does it mean?"

"It means," replied he, rather scant of breath, "that I have kept my word. I warned him not to come."

"Oh, father, you have not hurt Jack? You have not dared—?"

"Yes—I have dared. I said I would, if he called here again, and I am a man of my word."

The girl swayed unsteadily, and dropped on to the couch.

Her father came towards her, gesticulating wildly.

"You ought to know me by this time," he said, "and that what I say I will do—I will do. This will be a lesson to both of you, and show you that obedience—implicit obedience, where my wishes are concerned, is the best policy." He did not mean to talk shop.

"Where is Jack?" asked the girl tearfully. "What have you done to him?"

The man became grim. "I caught him coming through the door, and immediately forbade him to enter the hall. He refused, and the door closed behind him. I warned him not to provoke me by his insolent disobedience—that I would thrash him to within an inch of his life. He laughed. My blood boiled within me, and I struck him."

"Ah!" came from the girl. "One blow led to another. He dared me a second time, and I believe I broke one of his ribs."

"Well," asked she—"and then?"

"In trying to evade a lunge, he

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In order to do so we will offer the balance of our stock at great and substantial bargains

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Courian, Babayan & Co.

caught his foot on the corner of the organ stool, and sprained his ankle.

"Go on," said the girl, rising, pale, resolute. "Tell me all—!"

"He scrambled about, groaning fearfully, uttering your name at intervals, and then made a sudden lurch as if to close with me."

The man paused. Then he said, still without a touch of remorse, "I did not know I was so strong. I broke his arm."

"Oh, Jack, Jack," cried the girl. "All for my sake. Where is he?"

"Briggs has taken him to the hospital in a four-wheeler."

"And when he comes out we will be married."

"What!" yelled the man. "Do you defy me, too, you?"

"Yes. When you pay him the thousand pounds—"

"What thousand pounds?"

"Or five thousand pounds to hush the matter up," continued the girl.

"What do you mean?" roared her father.

"That Jack, knowing your violent temper, insured himself in your company this morning. Read his note."

Her father read and spluttered.

"What would the other directors think," she asked, "of this conspiracy to defraud?"

"Ish-ssh."

"A cheque for £5,000 would do a great deal to mitigate the pain Jack must be suffering now," urged the girl.

It did—"Punch."

A Blind Lead.

A handsomely dressed woman stood hesitatingly on the outer edge of the sidewalk, watching keenly for a chance to penetrate the maze of vehicles which surged between her and the opposite side of the street.

As she awaited her chance, a very gentlemanly voice at her elbow inquired with Raleigh-like gallantry—

"May I cross the street with you, Madam?"

With joyous gratitude she murmured her acceptance. Her escort

grasped her firmly by the arm, and together they plunged boldly into the wild vortex of vehicles.

In and out they threaded their way at peril to life and limb. It speedily became apparent to the woman and to several onlookers that the lives of the two venturesome pedestrians were in considerably more than common danger. The man clearly made no effort of any sort to avoid cars, automobiles, nor the shafts of passing cabs. He dodged wildly about, regardless of the direction from which that particular moment's peril might be coming, almost fell under a horse's hoofs, and twice caromed off the yellow sides of hurrying trolley cars.

He dragged his panic-stricken companion with him, making no attempt to shield her or to guide her steps. In vain the frightened woman strove to shake off his grip and to find her independent way to the sidewalk. There was no freeing herself from that iron grasp.

Finally, by some miracle, the opposite curb was reached. Furious, the woman turned a withering gaze on her false guide and fairly hissed out the words:

"It is no thanks to you that we're not both run over! From the way you ran into danger, one would think you were blind!"

"I am," meekly confessed the man; "that was why I asked if you would let me cross the street with you."—Lippincott's.

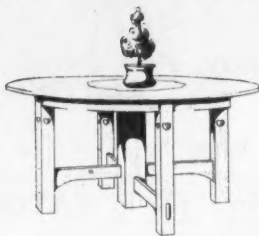
The Pomp of Court Dress.

The King, while insisting that Mr. Burns should conform to the ways of the Court to which he has risen, could have sympathized with him heartily as to the bondage of clothes. He could have told him how he himself, no longer as young and supple as he was, has to be a quick-change artist in clothes, appearing now as a sailor, now as a colonel of a regiment, now in some foreign dress with which to compliment a visitor, always as a matter of courtesy to some occasion, while Mr. Burns would only need to put on his hated glories once or twice a year.—Montreal "Witness."



Plain Tips

15c. Per Box



Some Choice Tables

It is very seldom that a price consideration is offered to patrons by the Arts & Crafts. Their prices are invariably considered low for the class of work their craftsmen do, but on this occasion—the Exhibition Sale—considerable of the factory stock is placed on sale to make a clearing of what is on hand, and prices are made specially attractive for the purpose of quick selling.

Among other very choice pieces, there are a number of weathered oak tables which might be just what you want.

Visitors are welcome at the studios from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

United Arts & Crafts
LIMITED
Studios: 91-93 King Street West

PRINCESS THEATER
ONE WEEK BEGINNING FEB. 26 WEDNESDAY MATINEE
SAM H. HARRIS Presents the most popular musical hit of two seasons. Play and music by **GEO. M. COHAN**
SIX MONTHS IN NEW YORK FOUR MONTHS IN CHICAGO

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES
THE PRINCIPALS
John Cantwell... Wm. Keough
Hugh Mack... M. J. Sullivan
Gus P. Thomas... Alex. Cameron
Helen Dexter... Gertrude Lebrandt
Maud Morris... Leo Mordant
Howard Stevens... Harold Forbes
20 COHAN SONG HITS.
Yankee Doodle Boy.
Give My Regards to Broadway.
Good Bye Flo.
Mamzelle Fauchette.
Nesting in a New York Tree.
They're All My Friends.
and 14 other Cohan Jingles.
Singing and Dancing Company of 75 People.

SHEA'S THEATER
WEEK FEB. 26
Matinee Daily 2:30 Evenings 8:15 & 10:15

A Rare Musical Treat
The Fadette Orchestra
The Greatest Organization of Women Players in the World.
MAY DURYEA & W. A. MOR-
TIMER.
Presenting "The Impostor."
RIEFF BROS.
America's Best Dancing Act.
ALICE PIERCE
The Bernhardt of Vaudeville.
HOEY & LEE.
Creators of Hebrew Parodies.
FITZGIBBON MCCOY TRIO.
Comedy, Songs and Dances.
THE KINETOGRAPH.
All New Pictures.
Special Extra Attraction,
HARRY TATE'S COMPANY IN
MOTORING
A Burlesque on Automobiling Across
Country.

"A great pianistic genius come to life."—H. E. Krehbiel, in N. Y. "Tribune."

The wonderful young pianist

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN

A remarkable musical genius.

**Massey Hall,
Friday, Mar. 2**

Prices—\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c.

Too Late.

Night had cast her sable mantle over the city when Mr. Meeker groped his festive way homeward, mumbling unparliamentary things as he went.

Suddenly a dark form loomed up before him.
"Ulllo guv'nor!" demanded the ugly individual, who had suddenly appeared. "What time is it?"
"You're just about two minutes late," replied Mr. Meeker. "That other gentleman, whose retreating footsteps you may hear, has just taken my watch."—"Tit-Bits."

"You say he has grown whiskers since last you saw him?" "Yes."
"How did you recognize him?" "By my umbrella."—"Milwaukee Sentinel."

Vanity Fair.
General Theodore A. Bingham, the new police commissioner of New York, served in the army in various capacities as an engineer until President McKinley picked him for superintendent of public buildings and grounds (says the "Saturday Evening Post"). The superintendent is also the major-domo at the White House. He has charge of all public functions. In a way, he tells who shall and who shall not come. He keeps a sharp eye on everything and everybody. President McKinley was not an aggressive man. He let Bingham have his way. Bingham developed his job. He is a fine-looking chap, and he knew how to trick out his uniform. When he appeared in the East Room on a function night he glittered and gleamed in the electric light like a jeweler's window. His word was law. He ruled with a rod of iron. He said what was what, and President McKinley acquiesced. The McKinley days were great days for Bingham. Then came along President Roosevelt, who is somewhat of an aggressive person himself. Bingham miscalculated about Colonel Roosevelt. He thought he could continue to rule. It took President Roosevelt about four minutes to dispossess Bingham's mind of that assumption. After that, until Bingham was transferred, every time the President and the major-domo graced together there were sparks. Also, Miss Isabel Hagner, social secretary for Mrs. Roosevelt, had precepts of her own. She flatly refused to take orders. Thus Bingham was given other duty—but not until there were encounters that have become historical.

A Facer.

It was somewhere within the regions of closing time, and the doorkeeper of the dog show was beginning to allow his thoughts to dwell upon a prospective steak-and-onions supper, when a hulking individual presented himself at the door.
"Called for Bill Smith's dawg," he said curtly.
"Receipt?" said the doorkeeper, holding out his hand therefor.
"Lorst it," said the hulking one.
"Oh, lorst it, eh? Well, what class was the dawg in?"
"Dunno. It's Bill Smith's dawg, and it's name's Jack."
The doorkeeper waxed wrath.
"There's fifty blessed tykes here called Jack," he said. "Ow am I to know which is your'n? Did it win a prize?"
"Well, it didn't."—"wot breed is it, anyway?"
"Breed?" said the inquirer scornfully. "Ow should I know what breed it is? Why, that's just what puzzled the judge!"—"Answers."

Mother—Oh, Freddy, did you lick your little brother?
Freddy—Yes'm, but I told him it hurt me worse'n it did him—New York "Sun."

SOCIETY

Mrs. Albert A. Thompson (née Kent) will receive for the first time since her marriage in her new home, 250 St. George street, on Thursday and Friday afternoons, March 1st and 2nd, and Thursday evening.

Mrs. Harry J. Fairhead of 80 Yorkville avenue received for the first time since her marriage on Friday afternoon and evening. She received her guests in the drawing-room, and was assisted by Mrs. Bowling, Mrs. Fairhead and Miss Lucy Bowling. Mrs. W. A. Martin presided at the tea-table, and the guests were carefully attended to by Miss Bowling, Miss Cooper, Miss Bessie Thompson, Miss Miller, Miss Browne, Miss May Browne, Miss Arnold, Miss Fosdick, Miss Verda Leighton, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Sparrow.

Mrs. Will Lash, Mrs. George V. Moore, Miss Katherine Moore, Miss Murray and Miss Shepherd of Galt, Miss Clara Keller of Berlin and Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Coon of Rochester, N.Y., are the guests of Mrs. George Graham, 82 Madison avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kingsley have moved to their new residence, 46 Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. Kingsley and Mrs. Thomas will not receive this season.

Major and Mrs. Arthur G. Peuchen left Wednesday night for a month's trip through the Southern States and Mexico, and will return about April 1st.

Wednesday evening, at a quarter past eight o'clock, Rev. J. T. Morris of Clinton Street Methodist Church celebrated the marriage of Miss Annie Ford, eldest daughter of Councilor W. H. Ford of Toronto Junction, to Mr. Frank B. Hartney, eldest son of Mr. W. P. Hartney. The ceremony, which took place in the flower-decked drawing-room of the bride's parents' home, 8 King street, was witnessed only by immediate members of the family, Mr. Ford giving his daughter away and Miss Ethel Ford playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as the bridal party entered. The bride, who was prettily dressed in white voile mounted on taffeta, carried a bouquet of white roses and orchids and wore the groom's wedding gift, an emerald and pearl sunburst. She was attended by her sister, Miss Sadie Ford, gowned in white tulle and pink roses. Mr. Bert Wallis of Peterborough, acting as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Hartney have left for a trip to Rochester and Pittsford. On their return they will live in 22 King street, Toronto Junction.

Mrs. B. B. Hughes, 6 Grace street, will receive first and fourth Fridays.

Mrs. Frank Veigh is quite dangerously ill. At time of writing she was but little better and her friends are most anxious for her welfare.

Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt and little Claire returned last week from a delightful sojourn of some months in Montreal, entirely among French friends. Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt will receive with her sister, Mrs. Crompton, 44 St. George street, on Shrove Tuesday. She is having her house in Grosvenor street, done up before she takes a short trip to Ireland, the Doctor's native place, in a month or so.

On Wednesday of last week the formal opening of Saint Andrew's College was held, when the handsome new buildings in Rosedale were, for the first time, thrown open to the public. In spite of a chill day a large number found their way across the Glen road bridge to the fine new school, whose rapid progress has evoked widespread admiration. The ceremonies began at three o'clock in the Assembly Hall. On the dais were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mayor, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, the principal, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, President London, Canon Cody, Dr. Miller of Ridley College, and the Board of Directors. The prizes were presented and most happy speeches made, that of Mr. Goldwin Smith being especially interesting and apropos. The key was then formally delivered by the architect, Mr. J. Wilson Gray, to the president of the college, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, after which Mr. H. Housser, on behalf of the Old Boys, presented the statue of St. Andrew, which graces the main entrance. At the conclusion of these ceremonies, the college was declared open and the cosy rooms were inspected and admired by many visitors, all of whom were much impressed by the atmosphere of homeliness and general air of comfort. Refreshments were served in the large dining-hall, and excellent music was furnished by an orchestra. Among the many present were Miss Mortimer Clark, who gracefully assisted in the presentation of prizes, Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. C. Macdonald, Principal McLaren, President and Mrs. London, Professor and Mrs. Wrong, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ramsey, Mrs. J. George, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. M. McLaughlin, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Miss Labatt and Miss Leonard of London, Mrs. and Mrs. Lighthourne, the Misses Chewett, Mr. R. H. Colquhoun, Miss Colquhoun, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Principal Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. R. Donald, Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Miss Cosby, Miss Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Andras, Miss Gwen Francis, Miss Scott, Mrs. W. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. D. Burns, Lady Pellatt, Miss Veals, Mrs. A. Peuchen, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Cody and many others.

Travellers' Cheques.

In denominations, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, with equivalents in foreign money printed on each. No discount.



ALLEYS OF THE TORONTO BOWLING CLUB, BOISSEAU BUILDING, CORNER TEMPERANCE AND YONGE STREETS, ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE FINEST ON THE CONTINENT.

Uncle Pike, Buffalo Tournament Star, visits Toronto and is amazed. Beautiful alleys, a bowling emporium which is patronized by the best men and women in Canadian city.

Sporting Editor "Saturday Night":

When your uncle left Pikeville on Saturday of last week his destination was Toronto, Canada. I had often planned a visit to that famous Canadian city, noted as it is for its hospitality and good fellowship, not to mention the far-reaching fame of its fair daughters for beauty, attractiveness and culture, and I was most agreeably surprised when my good friend Charley Brooks invited me to join his bowling team that was booked to roll the "Royal Canadiana" on that evening. I had heard that the American game of tenpins had been introduced there recently and naturally I imagined that our Canadian neighbors were still in their swaddling clothes, as it were, in a bowling sense—but imagine my surprise when I quietly entered Mr. Ryan's alleys to find that not only did our friends across the border understand the game, but they actually were proficient in all its fine points. And my friends, I was surprised in many other ways. I have always been an advocate of clean, well-kept and intelligently managed alleys—and right over in beautiful Toronto I found and met my ideal in that respect—found it in the last place I expected to encounter it. Just imagine, my dear readers, ten beautiful, highly-polished alleys of the Brunswick-Balke kind sitting side by side, with corresponding decorations and general surroundings—everything clean and orderly, and looked after by an evidently well drilled and commanded staff, and you have a pen picture of the situation I fell in love with. The alleys are absolutely perfect, and it did not require a far-seeing or exceptionally keen intellect to discover that the aim of the management was to keep them and everything connected with them in that condition. Cleanliness was in evidence in every inch of the place. Special movable stands for score-sheets were at the head of each alley and back of them were leather-covered, upholstered seats, or rather couches, where the bowlers rested in luxurious comfort between frames. Back of these seats is a large space, in the center of which is an upright piano, and in the rear in the same room is a lunch counter of the up-to-date variety—and in addition there are splendidly appointed cloak and toilet-rooms. If I were not a confirmed American, loving only the Stars and Stripes, I would be tempted to migrate to Toronto to bask in the luxury and sunlight of the beautifully equipped bowling parlor of the Toronto Bowling Association. Now what I learned from Mr. Ryan, his early efforts to introduce the tenpin game in Toronto could not be truthfully regarded as a bowling success, but by perseverance and pluck and the expenditure of no little cash, he finally succeeded in legalizing his scheme to build and operate his ten alleys. It seems the powers that be in Toronto looked at bowling as a sort of a cloak for all the vices that the average sport is supposed to cultivate—they associated with the bowling game, the gambling craze, the drinking habit and every other evil that human beings are addicted to, and they would have none of it, but my Hibernian friend Ryan, who, by the way, is nearly as perfect a specimen of the average gentleman as one would care to meet, soon convinced the Canadian authorities that bowling didn't necessarily imply connection with any of the things they coupled with it, and to-day he has as patrons the most intelligent and gentlemanly collection of Torontonians that can be found in that city and they are in truth a whole-souled lot—a truly representative collection of young men—the best in Toronto. The alleys are conducted under the "club" system, and only members of the club are at liberty to use them. That rule of course means that the patrons of the alleys are only those who are voted in and elected members of the club—and that in turn guarantees the character of the patrons of the place. During the four or five hours I spent watching matters about those alleys I was convinced that Toronto "had it," to use a common expression, on any place I have ever visited—and I hope that some day the possibilities of our own good old town in the same direction will be realized and taken advantage of by some enterprising people, who,

like our Toronto friends, who invaded and captured Toronto, are not afraid to invest in the best in the belief that that policy only will develop the best results.
Now to the bowling. There were hundreds of people at the alleys and a goodly number of ladies—and to their credit I must say that they were almost impartial in their recognition of good work—but their affections were particularly attached to the "Beef Trust." The heavyweights amused them. They never imagined that fat people could be so sprightly, and the applause they gave the fat boys was indeed both generous and enthusiastic. Charley Brooks' team was composed of lean people and tall people, mixed with little people—but they had with them the little Pleasure champion, and that of course naturally brought a great deal of attention to our side—but not enough to offset the enthusiasm brought out by the "fats." But the bowling, while good and at times quite fast, was only a circumstance to the good things they gave us at the banquet. Mr. Fisher, the star and shining light of Toronto in the bowling game, Mr. Archambault, Mr. Root and Mr. Ryan—not forgetting the president and secretary of the club, all did their best to make us happy and contented and even worse. Truly your Uncle will never forget Toronto or the Toronto boys—they are a genial lot, and they know how to entertain. They are certainly bound to boom the game, and they are started right. They have dissipated the idea that bowling was not a clean sport by actually conducting it on a clean, gentlemanly basis, and for that I hail them as missionaries in their line—they are helping the game and will continue to help it. I look forward to the time when Mr. Ryan and his associates will have plenty of opposition in Toronto, for it could not be otherwise, as the present attractive policy he is pursuing in his conduct of affairs will surely result in convincing other people that bowling will pay in Toronto as well as elsewhere. Of course it will be a difficult matter to duplicate Mr. Ryan's alleys, as it will be a difficult problem to duplicate Mr. Ryan, for his location is exceptionally well adapted to his profession.

UNCLE PIKE.

A FABLE FOR TRAVELERS.

ONCE upon a time there was a man called Smithereens who returned from Europe a mere financial fragment of his former self. With much difficulty, being sore, he patted himself upon the back and rejoiced that at least it had cost him nothing to limp down the steamer's gangplank, because abroad he had certainly fallen among them. No sooner did he rest the sole of his foot in his own home than a great horde of friends and almost-friends did descend upon him with clamorings in divers keys for the gloves, handkerchiefs, stockings, cravats, pipes and embroidered things which he had been requested to purchase for the horde during his brief sojourn in the camps of the peoples across the sea.

Of a truth did many call, but few appeared to have been chosen, whereupon those unfortunate ones to whom Smithereens extended only the cold and empty hand and who cared not for their teeth set up a loud gnashing until all the place was filled with the sound thereof.
In honeyed words did Smithereens seek to square himself, but vocal honey was not what they wanted. Suddenly he saw a great white light, and summoning all before him mounted a table and lifted up his voice in this fashion:
"Friends, dear friends, when I sat out upon my journeyings I provided myself with certain small slips of paper, and with the utmost care wrote thereon the commissions with which you had entrusted me, one slip to each of you. Upon a pleasant day I retired to a secluded part of the steamer's deck and there spread the slips before me to take account of my stewardship. Going deep into my clothes I drew forth the moneys you had given me to make the many and sundry purchases. I deposited the moneys upon the slips according to the amounts written thereon. When my task was finished I leaned back in the sunlight and gave myself up to the joys of contemplation.
"Suddenly a great wind arose and

hurled itself across the deck where I was sitting, and—and—all the slips which were not weighted down with moneys were blown away and strewn upon the face of the waters."
Smithereens ceased speaking and turned his palms upward, whereat a majority of those who had barked unto him drew their mantles over their heads and didn't do a thing but sneak out—"Harper's Weekly."

How to Judge Your Dog.

The average man is greatly puzzled to find one dog awarded a first prize, and another, which to him appears to be quite as fine a specimen, awarded no prize at all. A man who knows the relative values of the different points in all breeds of dogs is a veritable walking encyclopedia.
Generally speaking, the best dog is one which comes nearest the standard of requirements for its own particular breed, about 25 per cent. of the points being usually awarded for fine head proportions, an equal number for legs and feet, a similar number, again, for body and color, and the rest for symmetry.
In the Dalmatian, for instance, thirty points are given for color and markings, while head, eyes, and ears have only fifteen; the bulldog, on the other hand, has forty-five for head and ears, while coat and color amount to but five points; the collie has twenty-five for coat, color being immaterial, and twenty-five for head and ears.
The St. Bernard has forty for head and ears, and five each for coat and color; the Pomeranian has but fifteen for head and ears, forty-five points going for coat, color and tail, with fifteen for appearance. It may be set down as governing in all breeds of dogs that whatever is the typical feature of that breed is the feature upon which stress is laid in the allotment of points—"Answers."

"One can't be too polite." "Yes, they can. Ever have some one try to hold your overcoat when the lining was ripped in the sleeve?"—"Indianapolis Star."

GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANO STORE

97 Yonge St. Toronto.

GENUINE BARGAINS IN USED PIANOS

To clear quickly, we offer the following exceptional values.

Write or wire us your choice at once as the opportunity is sure to be a short one.

UPRIGHT PIANOS

MASON & RISCH, small upright, dark case, 7 octaves, was originally \$350.00, now \$175.00.

UXBRIDGE, large Cabinet Grand, handsome Burl walnut case, like new, 7 1-3 octaves, was \$400.00, now \$215.00.

DOMINION, large Cabinet Grand, handsome Burl walnut case, like new, 7 1-3 octaves, was \$400.00, now \$225.00.

NORDHEIMER, large Cabinet Grand, handsome Burl walnut case, like new, 7 1-3 octaves, was \$450.00, now \$235.00.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, medium upright, oak case; has been rented, 7 1-3 octaves, was \$450.00, now \$250.00.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN Cabinet Grand, mahogany case; used for concerts during present season (only), 7 1-3 octaves, was \$475.00, now \$315.00.

SQUARE PIANOS

HAZELTON BROS., New York, dark rosewood case, round corners, carved legs and lyre, \$150.00.

HAINES BROS., New York, dark rosewood case, round corners, carved legs and lyre, \$130.00.

THEO MARSHALL, New York, dark rosewood case, round corners, carved legs and lyre, \$125.00.

McPHAIL, Boston, dark rosewood case, round corners, carved legs and lyre, \$120.00.

BARMORE, New York, light rosewood case, round corners, carved legs and lyre, \$115.00.

HEINTZMAN & CO., Toronto, light rosewood case, round corners, carved legs and lyre, \$115.00.

NUNNS & CLARKE, New York, light rosewood case, round corners, octagon legs, \$85.00.

Here is a bargain in a High Grade Small Grand Piano

A handsome GENUINE FISHER BROS. NEW YORK, Small Grand Piano, in rosewood case, used only a short time, as good as new, \$450.00.

We have also a slightly used "Apollo" Self-Player, just like new and in perfect condition. Bargain price \$225.00.

Easy terms of payment can be arranged, or a discount of 10 per cent. for 30-day settlement.

We will pay return freight if instrument not satisfactory. All pianos guaranteed in first-class condition.

Gerhard Heintzman Limited

97 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THE UNNATURAL HEN - A CARVING STORY.

It is not alone the fact that the amateur carver misses the joints and tries to cut through the largest bones, that fills him with regret and his lap full of sage and onions. It is the horrible thought that the entire company is looking at him. No matter how the perspiration may trickle down between his shoulder blades, or how the hot flashes may chase the chills up and down his spinal column, or how much his eyes may be dimmed by unshed tears, the rest of the company never allows its interest to flag a moment. We remember one time we were called to assume the management of a free-for-all carving tournament at the home of a dove-eyed dumpling, whose kind regard we desired to catch up to as far as possible.

How clearly come back to us now the smiling faces of the bald-headed joke, the thanksgiving conundrum, and all as merry as a marriage bell. We call to mind the girlish laughter of that one whose very existence, as she sat on our left that day, seemed cemented and glued to our own. As we sharpened the glittering knife on the ringing steel, we felt buoyant and proud—proud to think how we would slice the white, calm bosom of that deceased hen; proud to think how, in our mind, we had laid out the different prenable points about that old cackler, and in the anticipation of applause glad and free, when we had accomplished the warfare, and victory and stuffing had perched upon our banner. We softly jabbed the shimmering fork a-straddle of the breast-bone, tore off a few goose pimples from under the wings of the late lamented, gouged out a few shattered fragments from the neck, and tried to cut a sirloin steak off the back. An oppressive gloom seemed to pervade the air. The old hen didn't have her joints where we had them laid out in our mind. She was deformed. She seemed to be a freak of nature. It rattled us and unnerved us. We gouged wildly at the remains, squirting the gravy right and left, and filling the air with fragments of bread-crumbs and sage. By some kind of omission or miscalculation, we made a wild stab at the back of the late lamented hen, and with a frenzy born of repeated defeats and depressing failures, the knife struck the platter with a loud crash, and ceasing not in its untamed fury, glanced aside, and in an instant buried itself with a sickening thud in the corset of the hired girl. With

difficulty we drew out the glittering blade, now ensanguined with the gore of a fellow-creature, wiped it on the table-cloth, and fled out into the cold, unsympathetic world, out into the crash and confusion of struggling humanity, to battle on through life under an assumed name. That is why we tremble and turn pale when our past life is inquired into by biographers. That is why a baked fowl makes us quail.—Bill Nye in the "Boomerang."

The Tyranny of Etiquette.

Should it by any chance be the desire of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to visit the new King of Denmark at Copenhagen, he will not, we may be sure, incur the risk of such censure as Queen Victoria deemed it desirable to pass upon Gladstone when he, at the age of seventy-three, recruiting after a session of arduous labors, extended his travels as far as the Danish capital. In two charming little letters to the Queen, Gladstone described his visit, and modestly mentioned what was in reality an enthusiastically cordial welcome received from the Danish and other royalties there assembled. The Queen promptly reproved him for the visit, and he replied most humbly, acknowledging the letter, "giving him full credit for not having reflected at the time" when he decided, as your Majesty believes, to extend his recent cruise." He explained the innocent character of the visit, which had originated with Tennyson, and discussing the suggestion as to the construction which might be placed upon it, added: "He has, however, some consolation in finding that, in England at least, such a suspicion appears to have been confined to two secondary journals, neither of which has ever found (so far as he is aware) in any act of his anything but guilt and folly."

A Bad Spell.

Little Marion was invited with her mother to dine at the house of a very proper friend, and, wishing her to appear at her best, her mother told her beforehand that she must not make unfavorable remarks about anything on the table. Marion remembered her instructions well until she tasted her dessert, and then, leaning across the table towards her mother, in a very audible whisper she spelled, after the manner that she had heard grown people spell when she was not intended to understand, "Mamma, b-f-4—sour pie."—"Lippincott's."

SOCIETY

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Foy leave Saturday for a trip through Southern California.

Mrs. Will Rose and her mother, Mrs. Massey, were the hostesses at a progressive euchre last Thursday, followed by a delightful musical programme, which was contributed by the Countess Ruffile, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. Walker, Miss Perry and Mrs. O'Sullivan. Mrs. Harry Symons and Miss Smyth poured tea, ably assisted by the Misses Symons and Miss Wagner. Among those invited were the Countess de Ruffile, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Flavelle, Mrs. Heintzman, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Mrs. Van der Lynde, Miss Rose, Mrs. Fred Rose, Mrs. Wagner, Mr. Charles Wagner, Mrs. Cecil Trotter, Miss Sadd, Mrs. Wills, the Misses Hughes, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Charles Boeckh, Mrs. Emil Boeckh, the Misses Kiele, the Misses Hoskin, Mrs. Standish, Mrs. T. Phelan, Miss Phelan, Mrs. McPherson, Miss Swift and others.

Miss Margaret Marseilles of Brantford is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Marseilles, of 215 Jamieson avenue.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edna Marie Morrison, youngest daughter of Mr. Angus Morrison, and Mr. George Boyd Watson, son of Mrs. James Watson of Toronto. Their marriage will take place at Easter.

A tragic affair, with its heroic side, which happened the evening of the annual conversation at the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, marked an otherwise very brilliant social as well as scholastic function within the walls of "Trafalgar Castle." The special train from Toronto arrived with some five hundred city guests. More lavish and beautiful decorations, finer music and other elaborations of the usual charming entertainment made the conversat a record one in point of pleasure, as also of numbers in attendance, for it was not known to the twelve hundred guests who had gathered that one of the students, Miss Della Able, a beautiful girl of eighteen, had freely sacrificed her life in a successful attempt to save that of her companion and college room-mate.

The eighty-seventh birthday of Mr. A. V. Delaporte, 308 Jarvis street, was celebrated in a very pleasant manner on Wednesday, the 14th inst. The trustees of the Unitarian Church, of which society Mr. Delaporte has been for many years a member and officer, sent a bouquet of eighty-seven fresh roses in honor of the occasion, and many friends called during the day and evening to express their congratulations.

A pretty wedding was celebrated on Wednesday, February 7th, at the home of the bride's parents, at Ocean Park, California, when Miss Violet Snow, only daughter of Mr. Harry Snow, formerly of Toronto, and Mr. Harry Stone of Pasadena, Cal., were married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Leach of Toronto, under a floral arch, with the flags of Canada and the United States entwined. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty and fair in a dainty white mousseline and lace gown, and carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses; she also wore the groom's gift, a beautiful brooch studded with diamonds and pearls. The house was artistically decorated, being almost transformed into a bower of flowers, with smilax, white roses, lilies and magnolias; and violets, the bride's name flower, being everywhere in great profusion. Many useful and beautiful presents were received, of china, cut-glass, linen and silver, and several cheques. After the reception and dejeuner, Mr. Stone and his bride started, amidst a shower of confetti, flowers and good wishes, on a trip to San Francisco, the bride looking exceedingly well in a modish light grey cloth suit and large black hat. Mr. and Mrs. Stone will be at home at Keene in Kern County, after February 21st.

Miss Marguerite Doherty of Toronto leaves this week for New Westminster, B.C., to visit her brother, Dr. Charles Doherty.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice (Trixie) McPhail, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. McPhail, to Mr. George M. A. Merrick, son of the late W. R. Merrick of Merrickville, Ont.

A very quiet wedding was solemnized in St. Margaret's Church by the Rev. R. J. Moore on Thursday, February 15th, when Edna M. Kingsley became the wife of Henry Denney Read. Only the immediate relatives were present, owing to recent bereavement in the groom's family. Mr. and Mrs. Read left by the Eastern train for St. John, N.B., whence they sail on Saturday by the Lake Manitoba for Liverpool. They will spend three months on the Continent.

One of the most attractive displays in the shopping district this week is to be seen in the show window of the new Kennedy Studio, at 107 King street west. Portraits of men and women, in which the strength of manhood and the grace and beauty of womanhood are shown; equally in evidence are the exquisite, dainty portraits of children, for Mr. Kennedy's child-portraits are deservedly popular, and his work is attracting unusual attention. His recent specimens at the new studio, 107 King street west, deserve to be carefully examined.

Eaton's Spring Millinery Opening



Monday, Feb. 26th and Following Days.

What Paris and New York have chosen to wear this season will be shown you at EATON'S next week.

What our resident Paris representative has done has been reinforced by the results of our many recent visits to New York to make this opening the Queen of all.

A late Parisian shipment of the newest of the new millinery things will reach us this week and you'll get first glimpse of its contents on Monday.

Many improvements have been made in our display rooms: magnificent new cases—more room—broader aisles.

You are invited—Come.

Millinery Showrooms second floor new section. Any elevator or the moving stairway.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO

A RISING YOUNG MAN.

Mr. J. F. Stewart, who has recently been appointed secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to succeed Mr. R. J. Young, is one more instance of the way young men are forging ahead in the commercial world. He is a Harriston boy, twenty-seven years of age, and in 1900 graduated from the University of Toronto with first-class honors in Political Science. The same year he entered the Manufacturers' Association, and in 1901 was sent on an important mission to the West Indies to establish trade relations and secure favorable terms for Canadian exports. On his return, after every success in this missionary work, he was appointed secretary of the Toronto branch, and for the last two years has been practically assistant secretary of the main association, besides editing "Indus-



trial Canada." Mr. Stewart showed his resource and ability to handle intricate questions by the work he did in putting on a sound basis the insurance department of the association, the purpose of which is to safeguard the insurance interests of the members. His success in this executive work is shown by the honorarium which the association voted him upon its completion.

The Manufacturers' Association, though often charged with masking private and selfish interests in the guise of public advantages, is more of a public institution than a private corporation. With its compact organization and reliable bureau of information, it exercises an important influence upon Canadian manufactures, and indirectly upon the general prosperity and growth of the country. The position of secretary is a very important one, as upon that officer devolves the bulk of the executive work, but the thorough knowledge which Mr. Stewart, the new appointee, brings to his duties leaves little doubt of the continued activity and influence of the association.

A Story from the East.

An Indian sweetmeat vendor whose wife was somewhat shortsighted went to see a friend, and left his stall in the woman's charge. "Be careful about the money you take," he said to her. Nevertheless, when he returned home he found that she had taken a bad rupee. In the morning he rose early and determining to get rid of the bad coin he set out through the town. Soon he met a lad. "Boy," said he, "you know the sweetmeat shop of Ali?" Ali was a rival vendor. "Take this rupee; go there and buy an anna's worth of sweetmeats. You can eat them, but bring me the change." The boy departed merrily and in a little while returned. "So you've managed it, eh?" said the man with a smile of satisfaction as he counted the change. "Did Ali serve you?" "Oh, no," replied the boy, "I didn't go as far as Ali; I went to your shop."

STRANGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD.

THE strangest house in the world has been built under the Seine River, between Melun and Sens, within a few miles of Paris. Victor de Larneau, a wealthy young aristocrat, has deserted Paris, and, suffering from ennui, has built him a house under the river, and retired there. The story of the strange palace at first was not believed among the friends of the young millionaire. Paris laughed at the idea of a house under the bed of a river. For months none of his friends knew the truth. His apartments in Paris were closed, and all his collection of paintings and china and tapestries had been taken away. Also the choicest of the furnishings of the chateau had disappeared.

During the extreme hot weather in August, a simple invitation came to Paris to three of De Larneau's friends. When they arrived from Paris, an auto was waiting for them, and they were whirled rapidly through the village and out along a road that ran beside the river for miles.

Not a building was in sight. Before the astonished guests was a marble grotto, with sculptural images on either side. Into this they were requested to step, and an instant later they were descending slowly into the earth. For fifty feet they went down. Then the elevator stopped, and they were ushered into a beautiful reception hall, where De Larneau met them with extended hands and bade them welcome to his new home.

They dropped from the glare and heat of the day into the most delicious coolness. Air, moved gently by ventilators, moved through the rooms, with all the dampness taken from it with the heat. In the middle of the marble reception hall a fountain played. Fish swam in the pool, and the whole room was flooded with soft, mellow light.

From there they went into the library, under the river itself. In the center of the ceiling was a greenish white space fifteen feet square. It was of glass, and the river, flowing over five thicknesses of toughened glass, let the light down through the water and glass into the room, while electric lights, hidden in ground glass, illumined the room.

Later they went to the dining-room, where masses of growing plants filled two sides of the room, and sat down to dine. This room is the most beautiful of all. At one side a fountain plays against a wall of marble, and at the other a bow-window seems to open out upon a garden, yet the garden is all underground, and no sunlight comes to nourish the plants and flowers. The windows are of glass, and open outward upon the little flower garden, where roses grow rich in perfume, even though lacking hardness and the deep riotous colors of sun-bred flowers. And there are ferns and vines that seem to thrive in the artificial light and heat, and in the middle a cherry-tree that blooms and blooms as if it were always spring until, perhaps, it will die.

Arthur Rubinstein.

An unusual event in the musical season is the advent of Arthur Rubinstein, the much discussed young Polish pianist, who will give a single recital at Massey Music Hall Friday, March 2nd. He comes backed by the most eminent musical authorities in Europe, such men as Joachim, Saint-Saens and d'Albert.

Quite as interesting as the performance of the pianist, too, was his personality. And there Charles Henry Meltzer, after meeting Rubinstein in Paris. It would be flattery to say that Arthur Rubinstein is handsome. But his face (a face unmistakably but

not aggressively semitic in character) was singularly intelligent, his manner bespoke ease, a well justified confidence in his own ability, and he had the quality commonly described as magnetism. In conversation with him, after he had played to us for an hour or so, we discovered that he was not only a musician, but also a young man of culture, speaking four or five languages with fluency, and familiar with the literature and the art of various countries which he had visited. We learned that, while in Germany, he had played at Potsdam, before the Prussian Court, and that one of the minor German princesses, after hearing him in Berlin, had insisted on his performing for her at the palace in her own small capital. On another occasion Eugen d'Albert, after one of his own recitals, had done him the highest honor of calling him from the auditorium and insisting on his replacing him at the piano.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

PETERSON—Toronto, February 22, Mrs. A. E. W. Peterson, a son. ANDERSON—Toronto, February 16, Mrs. Manley Anderson, a daughter.

JONES—Toronto, February 19, Mrs. E. S. Jones, a son. RATTRAY—Toronto, February 18, Mrs. W. S. Rattray, a daughter.

Marriages.

AYLESWORTH—BURTON—Toronto, February 20, Ellen Elizabeth Gladys Burton to Alan Featherston Aylesworth.

McFARLANE—DRYDEN—Toronto, February 14, Lilian W. Dryden to Walter G. McFarlane, B.A., C.E., D.L.S.

READ—KINGSLEY—Toronto, February 15, Edna M. Kingsley to Henry Denney Read.

RICE—KIPP—Toronto, February 14, Eva Blanche Kipp to Thomas Lailey Rice.

Deaths.

AHERN—On Wednesday, February 7, at his late residence, 476 Manning avenue, John Ahern, in his 69th year.

BUNGAY—Toronto, February 18, Kathleen Nellie Amanada, youngest daughter of Frank L. and Winifred Bungay, aged 2 years and 3 months.

CARMICHAEL—Vancouver, B.C., February 11, J. A. O. Carmichael, aged 28 years.

FULTON—Toronto, February 16, John Reginald Fulton, aged 34 years.

LUSK—Toronto, February 20, infant son of Mrs. C. P. Lusk.

MACLAREN—Toronto, February 19, Mary E., wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice MacLaren.

PRINGLE—Toronto, February 16, George Pringle, M.D., aged 72 years.

SMEDLEY—Toronto, February 17, Harry E. Smedley, aged 24 years.

WALLER—Toronto, February 15, Mrs. Wallace Waller, aged 27 years.

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